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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MR. NEWMAN'S SOUL.

The Soul; her Sorrows and her Aspirations. By Francis W. Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. John Chapman.

THIS publication, from the character of the author and the great noise he has made in the world, is itself sure to make a great noise. It is denominated, *An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the True Basis of Theology*; and, as far as we can comprehend the meaning of a *Natural* theory, deduced from the perception of a *Spiritual essence*, affects to do that in religion which has been done in morals and metaphysics, on the precept that "the noblest study of mankind is man." A new system demands a new vocabulary and new definitions of the old. Thus the reader must understand that his *Soul* is "that side of human nature upon which he is in contact with the Infinite, and with God, the Infinite Personality." All else is but leather and prunella, and the consequence is, that by aiming so high, all that is really useful, good, and precious among mankind is destroyed for the sake of an impracticable and unapproachable phantom. This is the evil of the book and the doctrine. A transcendentalism is substituted for the exercise of human duties, beneficent morals, and practical religion. A vague and ideal communism with the inconceivable Supreme is the be all, and the end all; and all the rest of existence is a mere nothing, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Now, it is evident to demonstration that such a condition in the business of life and intercourse of the world is utterly impossible. To reach it the individual must become an ascetic and seclude himself, solitary in the desert, far from the haunts of his fellow creatures; or he must imitate the fanatic fakirs of India, and sit down in the sun, for ever wrapt in the contemplation of his own navel, like the sect of Navellers, thence so called. Mr. Newman merely substitutes the Soul for this corporeal object, and his system is only a variety of Hindoo superstition, and as old as Plato. We repeat, therefore, that in requiring us to attain a state which cannot be, or consist with society, the writer demands the sacrifice of every substantial virtue and real blessing, and, like Ixion, embraces a cloud, ourselves being no better than shadows. His enthusiasm stops nothing short of this, and the excitement he propounds could not be satisfied with less than Joe Smith and Nauvoo, or Jumpers and mysterious Love Feasts. But as yet he does not think mankind quite ripe for the perfection:—

"In regard to Special Prayer Meetings, little need be here said. It is obvious that their value must depend upon the harmony of soul with soul. In theory and in the abstract I regard them as blessed companies: but they demand mutual trust, perfect unsuspicion, a common and a pure enthusiasm. There is in them a revelation of soul, by which holiness may become as it were contagious, but which may make them intensely painful or very injurious. *Corruptio optimi est pessimum*. The time may be in store, when social worship shall ordinarily be a real outpouring of soul: but an immense revolution of opinion, and yet more of heart, must take place first."

Against Saint and Virgin worship Mr. Newman is indignant, and especially against the latter pours forth a torrent of indignant sarcasm, which goes towards impugning the miracle of the birth of the Saviour altogether, for he says:—

"The perpetual virginity to a married woman, tends to promote, not true purity, but fantastic error in elder people, impure curiosity in younger ones.

Enlarged 178.]

The abuse of the word *chastity* to mean *celibacy* is bad enough; but this is so much worse, that I fear to express my feelings about it."

The fantastic tricks about church architecture, ments, and ceremonies, also come in for a sound lashing.

Still speaking of Maryolatry, he says:—

"The stupid and debasing idolatry was found in connexion with some staring large doll, tricked out in tawdry finery and called a virgin—such as still infests Continental cathedrals—or with some daub of a picture, neither having nor supposed to have artistic excellence. Such things were made fetish, and the worship of them was attended with nearly the same influences as the worship of a stone fallen from Jupiter. They had not even elevating reminiscences; for no one fact was imagined concerning the Virgin which tended to quicken the conscience.

"But though the painted or sculptured countenance is, under certain circumstances, a spiritual power, yet, as being a work of art, it in all cases puts us beneath the artificer, and may even keep us down to his level. This was strikingly illustrated in Greek sculpture. A statue of exquisite beauty, representing some hero, or an Apollo, because of its beauty seemed to the Greeks a fit object of worship. We still have before us many of the finest performances of their sculptors. We know distinctly enough what an Apollo, what a Mercury was; and we can accurately appreciate the influence of such worship. None of the qualities of mind which we peculiarly call spiritual, were expressed at all. Meekness, thankfulness, love, contentment, compassion, humility, patience, resignation, disinterestedness, purity, aspiration, devoutness; little of all these was felt or understood by the sculptor; and how then could he communicate them? Those who adored his work could not rise to a higher adoration: such is the danger besetting those who allow themselves to cultivate devout feeling by aid of human art. We must not indeed disdain that occasional stimulus; but much less must we habitually have recourse to it, or make ourselves dependent on it.

"The same remark, I believe, will apply to church architecture. That the canopy of heaven elevates and sobers the heart, preparing it for devotion, if devout in itself,—few will deny. It needs not much susceptibility farther to confess, that a lofty cathedral, when suitably constructed, has an effect similar in kind to this; and that, other things being equal, it is better adapted for prayer, (though not for preaching,) than a well-lighted room, with low and flat roof. It is then evidently our wisdom to use such an advantage, when it offers itself. But on the other hand, since nearly all depends on the judgment of the architect; since many fail utterly, and produce only clumsy piles of masonry more or less ambitious, or gorgeous palaces more or less tawdry, but in no way appealing to the religious sense; it will only degrade our worship, if we force our hearts into sympathy with their false conceits, and invest their influence with a quasi-religious sanction. It is deplorable to hear how the form of a mullion or of a capital, the adorning of a pulpit or communion table, to say nothing of other finery or fancies, is elevated into religious importance, with reference to churches which all the ornaments and all the architectural lore in Europe can never invest with religious beauty; which are either as thoroughly industrial, in their primitive conception, as any square meeting-house, or are built on some hereditary pattern with no moulding idea. Mediocrity—as in poetry, so in church-architecture—must utterly fail to elevate the soul; patch the

work as much as we will. Considering how rare access to churches of the noblest kind must always be, tenets of religion which dwell much on such a help to devotion, are likely to gravitate into mere fetish superstition.

"An opposite danger is often remarked to accompany the use of all the fine arts as handmaids to religion; namely, that the would-be worshipper is so absorbed in mere beauty, as never to rise into devotion. Music, Painting, Architecture, are by him appreciated as such; and if criticized as such, then farewell to their religious influence."

Fasting is unsparingly ridiculed, and the preaching of sermons hardly less contemptuously treated:—

"Man," he observes, "is ennobled, not by weakening his lower nature, but by unfolding and strengthening his higher. This is only one point of the absurdity involved in *Fasting* in order to weaken the passions. But in fact I believe it does not weaken them, even temporarily, to any spiritual purpose; for sin is in the mind, not in the body. Irritability, with other pettishness, is confessedly increased by this Babylonish practice."

As for sermons:—

"Reader, must I ask whether thou hast ever heard a bad sermon? One so dull and drowsy, that it was impossible to maintain attention: one so empty, that no food for heart or mind could be found in it: one so logical, that the soul was never addressed at all, but only the critical faculty called out: one so illogical, that the hearer's Understanding violently resents it and will not leave his Soul free to feed on the good food which is intermixed: one so uncharitable, as to turn the heart sick: one so full of gross carnal superstition, as to excite indignation, that Paganism and Formalism still live to vex us: one so vulgar, coarse and profane in the manner of address, as to spoil good matter: one which makes Atheism seem preferable to Theism, by painting the Holy and All Merciful as an Omnipotent Devil who insists on being complimented? Under all these things, I, Oh Reader, have groaned a hundred times: perhaps thou hast not. They are to me no small counterweight to the benefit of hearing sermons, because unfortunately I cannot make the preacher say or leave out what I choose; and practically that is what we all want (*more or less*) to do. But let this pass, and suppose we have got a perfect preacher,—one of a thousand; and what then?

"Obviously and clearly, the preaching of such men is, more than all other causes together, a means of spiritual awakening,—of conversion from sin and of stimulating to an independent active life in the spirit. God forbid that I write one word to depreciate the exertions of our truest aids and champions. The great pity is, that they are so few, and that the same man is often so unequal to himself. However, not every pious and wise person makes a good preacher, profitable to hearers in every stage; and it is absurd to treat it as a personal slight, if one does not get benefit from somebody's sermons. Nay, there are those who will retort: 'It is your own fault: go on until you find advantage from it,'—as the quack puffs off his pills. The fact is that sermon-hearing is regarded as an end and not merely as a means; an *opus operatum*, as in the old Sacraments. Was the minister eager for his own honour, and not for my welfare, when he was not satisfied by my assurance that I found private meditation, with an occasional book or a walk in the fields, so profitable, that I had no longings after his discourse? No: but there was at the bottom of his mind the assumption, that there is some abstract duty in hearing sermons, as if they were an end in themselves.

On the contrary, it would seem that we ought all to grow up towards a state, in which we care less and less for human teaching, or rather, come to select our own aids, in the form of books. In the first stage of spiritual life, we are as infants, fed by the nurse's hand: but gradually, we ought to learn to feed ourselves. And so indeed of common education. The teacher is essential to children and desirable for youths; but to keep the full-grown man under tuition would blight all intellectual fruit: nay, the whole use of higher teaching is, to call forth and stimulate personal energies, in order that the hearer may very shortly need teaching no more. Occasional listening to a preacher will always be more or less coveted; but it is very hurtful to imagine that we all always want a 'regular ministry' to teach us. Nothing is more desirable for those who are already fully fledged, than that each should be driven out from the nest to seek his own food by soaring through God's wide heaven, instead of huddling together, as now, with closed wings, on the flat earth, gaping for morsels of meat, killed and cooked by another. When that other, who is the sole teacher, is, over and above, younger than many who are to be taught,—younger too in spiritual age,—the absurdity becomes so manifest, that people betake themselves to the plea, that we ought to attend 'for example's sake.' But this, however well occasionally, degenerates into a very hollow system, when it becomes habitual. * * *

"And here I am led to avow, that the Churches of England, and that decorous part of society to which they set the tone, appear to take a less true and less Christian view of the relative enormity of sins, than the common heart of the world takes. The world broadly distinguishes sins of selfishness and malignity as unbearable, and imposes on them many opprobrious epithets,—mean, sneaking, rascally, &c.: and these are precisely the sins which of all others indicate that a man has no stamp of the Infinite Spirit upon him. But sins of passion,—not so indulged as to injure or betray others,—the world treats very mildly: and these, though of course implying the temporary conquest of the soul by baser impulses, yet by no means denote the total absence of God's Spirit, if the sins have been unpremeditated or the passion violent. Mean and gripping conduct, especially if habitual, is a far worse spiritual sin than a bout of drunkenness; yet a Church will animadvert on the latter and dares not touch the former!—probably because it is forced, like the Law of the land, to act by general rules. Thus we get the astonishing result, that while the Church (in its treatment of transgressors) typifies the Law, the World comes nearer to the Gospel! As the Publicans and harlots were nearer to the kingdom of God than the Pharisees, so were Byron and Shelley than many a pious reciter of creeds: and this, the world well knows, but the Churches have no mouth to declare. Out of the above grow moral difficulties concerning all church discipline whatever, which, I confess, now seem to me of a most unmanageable kind."

The Puritanical observance of Sunday as a Sabbath also provokes the writer's ire.

"There is," he says, "a prevalent opinion,—I fear not destitute of foundation, that as a body the more religious part of our nation is more sordid in its business-tone than the world. Possibly this may be interpreted, that there are among the former fewer instances of unselfish devotion to their worldly calling; which they are accustomed to regard as not deserving their affections, but only fit to be pursued for its gains. It is principally in men who have no ostensible religious character that we see the self-devoting pursuit of some honourable profession: and these are now in England only too rare. For alas, there is such eagerness to get rich, that enthusiasm for one's work, in and for itself, is scarcely credited by the majority; and there are many necessary employments, which may seem almost incapable of calling out enthusiasm, and yet most distressingly over-occupy both time and mind."

"It is truly vexatious, eighteen hundred years after Paul's career, to have to fight Paul's battles against those who profess themselves not only his grateful

children, but his unreasoning obedient disciples. It is indeed superfluous here to prove, what is on the face of the New Testament, that Sundays are not Sabbaths, that Sabbaths are no part of Gentile Christianity, and that Sundays have in the Scripture nothing to do with abstinence from worldly business. The Puritan School of England and Scotland shuts its eyes to the plainest facts, because it believes it to be useful to hold that Sunday is Sabbath, and Sabbath binding upon us. In vain shall we point to Paul's contemptuous disavowal of Sabbaths, and his declaration that he who disregards sacred days is justified, so that he only disrespects them to the Lord. In vain may it be proved from the Christian history, that, until Constantine, Sunday was a working day with Christians. In vain will it be shown that all the great Reformers held the ancient and Catholic doctrine, that the observance of Sunday is a mere ordinance of the Church, not a command of God; and that until the English and Scotch Sabbatarians (towards the close of the 16th century) invented the Puritanical doctrine on this subject, it was unknown to the Christian Church. As long as Englishmen care more for supposed expediency, than for Truth, they will, through thick and thin, stickle for a divinely obligatory Sabbath, unless one show them that this falsehood has its evil and dangerous side.

"Our ears are dinned with the false cry: 'The Sabbath, the boon of the working man.' In many cases, say rather, his bane. He rests from labour: true; but he labours only so much the harder on the other six days. Physically, he would be better for labouring six hours on Sunday, and one hour less on every other day. Spiritually also this would be far better:—first, for the irreligious man. For the irreligious are tempted to make it a day of carousing and sensuality; and the more its sanctity is preached, the greater is this danger; because it makes their conscience bad, and generally hinders them from getting any but bad companions. More sin of every kind in England and Scotland is committed on Sunday than on any other day of the week: and of this, the (so-called) Sabbatical Institution is in great measure guilty.—Then as for the less religious, yet conscientious man. The Sunday hangs heavy upon him: it is a stupid sleepy day: superstition forbids his even improving his mind during its hours; and with one seventh part of time left free, he still (strange to think!) has no leisure for mental cultivation. Puritanical notions about the Sabbath are thus at present the greatest of all impediments to the effectual education of the industrious classes. Thirdly, even for the sincerely religious poor, Sunday is far too long a day for continued spiritual thought. They have not inward energy enough to fill up the time with it, and they covet to be in church as much as possible: very generally three 'services' do not seem to them too much; but this very fact proves that their souls are passive under it all, and get no more good than they might have from one. Far better would it be, to have on Sunday six hours of work, say, from six to nine in the morning, and from five to eight in the evening; with one meeting in church to last from eleven to twelve. The working man might then have a pleasant relaxation on Sunday, with no time heavy on his hands. There would be hours enough for religious meditation and for the greetings of kinsmen, and there might also be an hour's more rest on every day of the week. Surely this would be both spiritually and physically better.

"It is thus pure fiction, that a Puritanical Sabbath is better for a working man than a Christian Sunday, such nearly as the second and third generation of Christians observed. But the modern Sabbath tends a great deal more to the grandeur of a sacerdotal body; and this was felt by the instinct of those bishops who first moved Constantine to enact it. On an English Sunday the clergyman and the 'minister' are in their glory. They are not conscious that this impels them so urgently to enforce the day: but when we see the trumpety nature of the arguments, both from the New Testament and from expediency, on which they rest its divine obligation, it appears certain that there is some sinister bias; and if so, I see not

how to avoid the opinion that—I do not say the individual, but the strong public, opinion on this subject, is generated out of the merely professional zeal of religious ministers. As military officers want larger armies and great wars, so does a professional clergy cry out for long Sabbaths, more churches, and crowded seats. These things are, with the few, means to a higher end; but with the majority, the end most felt is, the increased dignity of the profession.

"Sundays are now a political institution: no one can propose to abolish them: but let every one try to make the best of them. First, by abandoning the false pretence of their observance being a divine command:—itself an intrinsic incredible absurdity, as well as without a shadow of New Testament proof. SECONDLY, by encouraging mental cultivation of the largest and most liberal kind on that day, and greatly shortening the prayers:—but of this, more will be said. THIRDLY, by facilitating and inviting attendance at church, wherever masses of people are disposed to flock for the recreation of country air; as at Richmond and Greenwich near London, and many other places near to great cities. FOURTHLY, by solemnly urging, that religion demands the whole heart for God on every day, and that no compromise can be made by looking grave or dressing clean for one day."

Our quotations heretofore will have startled the generality of readers, and prepared them, perhaps, to hear that Mr. Newman is almost as strenuous against the Bible as Nemesis Froude himself. He in some measure ascribes the decline of Christianity to the holding up especially of the Old Testament, though not excepting the New, as a standard of belief:—

"As for England and Scotland, it is notorious that a horrid heathenism has taken firm root in our town population also, and that millions have cast off all reverence for any of the claims of authoritative religion. Facts so widely spread over the face of Europe cannot be lightly treated. Churches are built, but that class does not come to them which has cast off the Christian yoke: ministers may be sent to seek them out, but it must not be hastily assumed that they will be successful: hitherto, experience is the other way, and the causes of spiritual difficulty deserve analysis.

"The causes appear to me to be identical with those which encounter Christian missionaries in dealing with acute Hindoos or Mohammedans; namely, the unmanageable character of what are called *Christian Evidences*. The demands made on men's faith are indeed far greater than ever the Apostles made; for the Apostles did not take a Bible in their hands, and say to the heathen, 'Here is an infallible Book: to believe that every word of this is dictated by God, is the beginning of Christianity: receive this, and you shall be saved.' But now, although our teachers do not all assent heartily to this way of preaching the Gospel, yet few have strength of mind or plainness enough to disown it: and this claim of *Mechanical Inspiration* enables every bold and sharp-witted man to carry on an offensive war against the Christian teacher, who will soon find that he has more than enough to do in repelling the infinite objections to which he lies open. The war is thus carried away from the region of the Conscience and of the Soul into that of verbal and other criticism; and who can expect spiritual conversion from that?"

"But this is only the beginning of difficulty. Doctrine also has been built up into a system which aims at, but cannot attain, logical exactness. I need not enter into any questions of detail, and I barely hint at the Trinity and Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception (of Jesus), the Pelagian controversy, and other matters which divide Arminians and Calvinists. No one, I think, can read the New Testament with fresh eyes, and not be struck by the fact, that the Apostles never encountered practical difficulty from the heathen or from the Jews on these points. There is not the slightest mark that they were assailed as polytheists or as contradicting themselves. It is evident that they did not hold as essential to Christianity any exact system of logical doctrine, which the opponent could attack as illogical. To

recognise the authority and headship of Jesus as Messiah, was all that they expected of a convert; and this, not in connexion with any authoritative book that professed to set forth his words as an absolute law of truth. At least, during Paul's labours no such book existed. The convert gladly learned all the wise and holy thoughts which Paul had to impart; but while trusting his 'private judgment' so far as to leave the faith of his fathers for Christianity, it did not occur to him to commit an act of moral suicide, by promising thenceforward to have no judgment of his own, but to believe every thing that Paul told him. * * *

"After thirty years' study of it, I deliberately before God and man protest against the attempt to make it a law to men's understanding, conscience or soul; and am assuredly convinced that the deepest spiritual mischief has occurred to the Churches,—nothing short of a stifling of the Spirit of God (with few intervals) for seventeen centuries and a half,—from taking the Bible (or New Testament), instead of God himself, as our source of inspiration. * * *

"Inspiration was not infallibility, nor did it consist in guaranteeing to them the contents of a book. That the *writings* of the Apostles were more peculiarly inspired than their *spoken words*, is a fiction invented in modern times for the service of controversy: while that the one and the other alike were not only fallible but sometimes erroneous, an unprejudiced examination presently shows. The interpretations of the Old Testament given in the New are very frequently fanciful and mistaken; and the expectation of Christ's speedy return in the clouds of Heaven to bring about the general judgment, is a manifest error which pervades the whole New Testament. When will men leave off the attempt to serve God by a lie? To vanquish over these and other plain facts in zeal for God, can only issue in confusion to our own work and damage to true religion. A calm consideration will presently show one who is not tied up from thinking, that as Paul or John might err in astronomy or geology, so might they in history or logic or metaphysics: nay, that they necessarily held all the metaphysics of their own age without knowing that they did. In communion with God, their souls imbibed many holy feelings, and put forth holy actions; and their reflective intellect shaped, into what we call Doctrine, the perceptions of their spirits. Unless the intellectual and logical processes had been infallible, (of which we have clear evidence before us to the contrary,) the resulting propositions could not be divine and absolute truth, even if the inspiration were the highest possible to human nature; and when they did not enumber their Gospel with such pretensions, or elaborate an exact system of Divinity as a target for the enemy, it is gratuitous in their modern followers to do this. * * *

"Christianity has been turned into a LITERATURE, and therefore her teachers necessarily become a literary Profession. Previous to Ordination, they may be subjected to some literary ordeal, they may also be required to profess orthodoxy and to be morally respectable; but this is all that can be attempted in a public system. Thus in result, a national clergy cannot be expected to excel ordinary Christians in any spiritual qualities, but only in learning. How then can they be expected to exert any high spiritual influence? Many Dissenters imagine that this evil is caused by the Union of Church and State; but the same evils appear in their Academies and Churches: naturally not so glaringly, and yet in substance as truly. Age and spiritual experience are, with them also, subordinate to critical cultivation; and plainly because, with them also, Christianity is become a Literature. * * *

"How opposed this is to every thing in primitive Christianity, not Paul alone testifies. By every writer of the New Testament it is manifestly presumed that the historical and logical faculties have nothing to do with *that* faith, which is distinctive of God's people. Every where it is either stated or implied that the Soul or Spirit of man is alone concerned in receiving or rejecting God's revelation.

Unless we can recover this position, we have lost the essential *spirit* of apostolic doctrine; and then, by holding to the *form*, we do but tie ourselves to a dead carcass, which may poison us and disgust mankind. * * *

"It is absolutely impossible to recover the tens of thousands who have learned to scorn Christian faith, by arguments of erudition and criticism. Unless the appeal can be made directly to the Conscience and the Soul, faith in Christianity once lost by the vulgar is lost for ever: what could the very chiefest of Apostles do to bring it back? They never converted one soul by learned proofs addressed to the logical intellect; and why should we dream that they would attempt it now, or could succeed? If we continue to do as we are doing,—if no action of a totally new kind is set up,—the present course of affairs must go steadily forward, but with accelerated velocity, in proportion to the increase of mental sharpness or physical destitution: a real, black infidelity will spread among the millions,—an infidelity of the soul to God, of the heart to virtue,—until the large towns of England become what Paris is. And as for the cultivated and philosophic, what else will they become but simple Pantheists? acknowledging intellectually a plastic Spirit or as it were Life in the Universe, but just as ignorant of that inward life with God, which has been the great animating principle of Christianity and of the highest Judaism, as if they were avowed Atheists. * * *

"Alas! what extension of Christianity can be expected among our neglected millions, when men in high ecclesiastical places eagerly promote sacerdotal inanities! when zeal is called out for Episcopal Power, for Baptismal Regeneration, for Mechanical Apostolic Succession; nay, for Episcopal Revenues and lordly pomp; when the higher clergy are exposed to the taunt of loving the splendours and greatness of this world, and therefore of not having the love of God in them; when not only Mechanical Inspiration is ascribed to the Bible, but a power of Mechanical Consecration to the hands of Bishops and Priests; nor only immaculate truth to 'all and everything' in the book of Common Prayer, but extreme importance to everything in the Rubric! The heart sinks at the infatuation of such extravagances, while sin and crime and hardness of heart are abroad among us."

Another striking principle put forth by the author is, that unless we Will sin, as well as Commit it, the sin is venial. Feeble minded or passionate persons are not held to be so responsible for their acts as the laws and opinions of the world are accustomed to hold them; and errors or imperfections to which the Will does not consent are not to be accounted such heinous offences. We fear there is much loop-hole work in this reasoning; but we must leave its exposition to larger space than we can command, having already afforded more than our wont to a work of a religious nature, though touching upon so many grave human questions as to invite earnest consideration. On the great ability of the author we need not comment. The force with which he puts his arguments, whether for good or evil, is obvious in every page; and in none more than where he defends the infliction of capital punishments. We have only to add, that he calls the Soul *SHE*, and asserts that if *She* is to "go on into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become a Woman."

THE FAIRFAXES: THE CIVIL WAR.

Memoirs of the Civil War: the Fairfax Correspondence. Edited by Robert Bell. 2 vols. Svo. Bentley.

THESE two volumes form the third and fourth of this interesting historical exposition, and complete the sterling work which will long be known as *The Fairfax Correspondence*. Four portraits illustrate them—viz., those of Essex, Lenthall, Waller, and Cromwell. The letters commence in 1642, and continue, without intermission, till 1648-9, when they become more scanty, and stop with a few specimens in 1650-51. Thenceforward they are dumb, from the battle of

Worcester till the eve of the restoration: Cromwell, on his ascendancy, having heaped every kind of indignity upon Lord Fairfax, whose character and influence were more than the Protector could like to co-exist with his own ambitious pursuits. On his death the natural consequence ensued, and the old victorious Parliamentary general took a leading share in bringing back and re-establishing the monarchy. Upon his partner in this measure, General Monk, Mr. Bell is most severe, and hardly leaves him a tatter of virtue to cover his vices. That Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, the father of Thomas, and many other eminent persons, were alienated from the Parliamentary cause by the execution of the king, is one of the most explicable phenomena of the period; but the *girouette* changes of hundreds of others, first on the one side and then on the other, and fierce on either, are only to be accounted for by a state of things, and of men's minds, in the wickedness and fury of civil war, which awakens every vile passion, and destroys every honourable principle in the human breast. It is an appalling condition to contemplate, and in this instance its horrors seem to be aggravated, by the continual thrusting forward of religion as the justification for bloodshed, and the disgusting utterance of thanks and praise to the God of Mercy for every murder and desolation committed in his holy name. Never was that name, and the goodness of the Almighty, so much taken in vain and profaned, as it was during this detestable conflict in England. Thanksgivings are poured out, not only for the slaughter of thousands of fellow-citizens and brethren in the battle-field, but for matters like the following, which covered and disgraced the country from end to end. Here is their picture, in a letter from a country gentleman to the general of the Republican forces:—

"MY LORD,—I was resolved not to have been more troublesome to your lordship for anything concerning myself; but now I see myself lie open not only to be undone by plunder, but myself, wife, children, and servants, subjected to the violence and rapine of disordered soldiers, before and in the presence of your captains and officers who commanded them, and plunder in part justified to be allowed the soldier by the captain, when he had no commission to enter my house; two of my servants sore wounded who did nothing to them, in my wife's presence, and she forced to flee to her chamber for rescue, and there a naked sword tendered her by a young ruffian, who called for her and told her he came for money, and with fearful oaths that money he would have; and calling all Romish whores, wherein I thank God none with me are guilty. He had his desire in part, for he snatched a purse with a gold ring and a seal in it, from a servant that was giving some to quiet him. By the way, I beseech your lordship to take into consideration, that the sequester gave this commission to one Captain Swaine, to sequester and appraise all my cattle, but not to bring them away; yet he not only drove them away, but gave divers of my coach-horses to one Captain Wood, who set him on work first to do this, and who the last week plundered the same horses and two others notwithstanding. I showed him your lordship's proclamation against it. I made my address to his colonel, a very civil man, and he caused three coach-horses and a mare to be restored; but the other coach-horse and a pacing nag for my own saddle, the Captain keeps still; and now by Captain Swaine's means he may set up a coach, for he hath all four, and your lordship is well acquainted with our dirty country, that I need not acquaint your lordship that my wife cannot serve God at church with the congregation but in frosty weather. Cornet Lambert yet was very civil to her, though he took the best, and your lordship was pleased to say I should likewise have him again, you were so far from taking the rest. Some other colts never backed he detains likewise for his own use; he drove away my milch kine, my draught oxen, and five fat oxen, which were for my own expense, and are valued very high; and either I must purchase them or lose them. Yet I procured so much favour with Mr. Lodge, by means of a friend, as to have my cattle again, all but what

Captain Swaine bath disposed of; upon promise to pay the rate within a few days, if I procured not your lordship's order to stay the payment. Truly, my lord, money is very precious with me, and where to borrow so much I yet know not. My sufferings are infinite every way; my family great, and consequently my charge, and for my own security, I dare not now lessen. I beseech your lordship's order to quit it, or to abate it in some reasonable measure, that I may live; and for the abuses of the two captains and their officers and soldiers, that you would cause them to be examined by Mr. Lodge, and whom else you please, and upon certificate of their demeanour, contrary to their commission and your lordship's proclamation, your lordship would make them examples for the safety of your poor servants and the rest of the county, and God will bless you in doing justice, and I shall remain, your lordship's humble servant,

JOHN WOLSTENHOLME.

"Nostel, Dec. 22nd, 1644."

And this is not one of the worst of cases. Where unprotected women were, they were more infamous; but, indeed, lawless oppression and unrestrained crime devastated the land, and devoured the people.

Having in our last two numbers gone somewhat into the public events of the same period, with the *Biography of Prince Rupert*, we shall abstain from such transactions in the brief review which this publication requires from us. For we may remind our readers, that the preceding volumes received due attention, and that the most interesting document among the whole papers, the mission of Brian Fairfax, from Lord Thomas, to communicate with Monk, in Scotland, and arrange preliminaries towards the Restoration, was originally brought forward in the *Literary Gazette*, upon the occasion of the Archaeological Association's Meeting at Gloucester, when the MSS. were produced, and this portion read at an evening meeting by Mr. Thomas Wright; a proceeding which no doubt led to their purchase and publication by Mr. Bentley.

In the review of *Prince Rupert*, to which we have alluded, we intimated the value of Mr. Warburton's views to be read in connexion with Mr. Macaulay's brilliant narrative. It is well, for truth, to hear both sides of a question, and to listen to the different opinions that may be fairly and conscientiously entertained by persons of opposite politics. Of the book now before us we may note, that Mr. Bell is hardly so favourable to the king, the aristocracy, and the royal cause, as Mr. Macaulay. His observations almost always espouse the adverse party. In 1664 we read:—

"The new modelling of the army, and the appointment of Sir Thomas Fairfax to the supreme command, placed the Parliament on firmer ground than they had ever occupied before. A part of their security lay in the popularity of the commanders. With the principal exception—Fairfax, who was not yet quite a lord—they were nearly all men of the people, sprung from the loins of the people, familiar with their wishes, and intimately identified with their interests. *The lords were gone*, and the cause was now left to be worked out by the muscles and stout hearts of the eager millions, for whom Kings never had much sympathy, and who had now for the first time, and to set a great example to the world, taken in hand the question of human rights, as it lay perplexed and obscured between sovereigns and subjects.

"There was much of this, too, in the quarrel of Cromwell with Manchester. It was not altogether on the one side that Manchester refused to pursue the King, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his Lieutenant-General, or on the other, that Cromwell had treated with sarcasm and contempt the order of his commander; but that a new party was growing up which looked upon certain connexions as a blot and hindrance, and which was uneasy at the core until it had purified the cause of all association with 'lords.' It was the 'lordship' of Manchester that chiefly grieved Cromwell, who thought of nothing but shaping his means to his end, and would have made more violent sacrifices to

achieve it, had they been necessary. How Cromwell carried his purpose, and what iron nerve, clear forethought, and practical brains he had, the imperishable history he lived testifies.

"As for Manchester, he went into private life, and kept there till the Restoration, at which he 'assisted.'"

This is the tone throughout, which it is no business of ours either to commend or censure. We have only to state the literary fact. But we must leave these considerations for a few signs from the correspondence. In June, 1643, a Dr. Wilson writes to Sir R. Browne, (who was official resident in Paris, and held with both sides):—

"NOBLE SIR,—The last week your letter came so late, that I had no opportunity to return you thanks for so great a favour, nor must you now expect any other than *jeune* expressions, according to the nature of our monthly solemnity, which falls out upon this very day. Your candour, therefore, must take for current coin the deep apprehension I have of so undeserved an honour. The truth is, my patience is nearly worn out to stay seven hours in a church, my ears being guilty of scarce three words of sense, and my only comfort that I had like to have starved in a great audience.

"This next day being Thursday, Mr. Waller and the rest are to come to their trial in Guildhall, where I believe the delinquents would find mercy enough, if the fear of tumult did not urge their judges to some exemplary severity. Our army's pause makes no good harmony in the citizens' opinions; and Colonel Hampden's death revives the memory of my Lord Brooke's funeral. I know not what news to write, unless that we have continual collections for distressed Ireland, and our own maimed soldiers. It is supposed that many sally up the ruins of their estates out of their wounds. The House of Commons are now perfecting the proof of their articles against the Queen; and the report is that the King hath declared this Parliament not to be free, and therefore to have invited the members thereof to Oxford; whereupon our Lords are much incensed. What Sir William Waller or Brereton do with their forces, we cannot yet understand.

"Certainly, I think we may better refer ourselves to Paris for news than take it up at London. Let not these times make you fall out with chess, for kings and queens may in time come again in fashion: however, let that keep up their memory. As for bishops, I must confess I think that here they will scarce ever recover any other notion, than what that game in France affords them; for their subversion seems to be the chief fuel of these desperate troubles."

And—

"Here follows a curious relic in Cromwell's handwriting, much to the same effect, urging, with a full heart, the youth of Huntingdon to contribute muscles and money to the common cause, and to supply horse troops as the chief necessity:—

"Colonel Cromwell's Letter to the Bachelors and Maids, 2nd August, 1643, from Huntingdon.

"SIR,—I understand by these gentlemen the good affections of your young men and maids, for which God is to be praised. I approve of the business, only I desire to advise you that your foot company may be turned into a troop of horse, which, indeed, will (by God's blessing) far more advantage the cause than two or three companies of foot, especially if your men be honest, godly men, which by all means I desire. I thank God for stirring up the youth to cast in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore, my advice is, that you would employ your twelve-score pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide four-score horses; for 400l. more will not raise a troop of horse. As for the muskets that are bought, I think the country will take them of you. Pray raise honest, godly men, and I will have them of my regiment. As for your officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose, and rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"August 2nd, 1643."

As years pass on, we find letters relating to circumstances as they occurred in England, Scotland, and more lately in France and Ireland; the whole skilfully knit together by the relation of the editor. At last we come to 1660, when Lord Fairfax resolved to place himself, but for a Free Parliament and a King, at the head of the Yorkshire forces, and sent his nephew Brian on his adventurous mission, through Lambert's army, to Monk at (Dalkeith) Edinburgh. This is the *Iter Boreale* to which we have referred, and is indeed a most attractive tale. After the young ambassador got back to Yorkshire, his narrative is no less naïve and entertaining. His uncle has taken the field, and having had a very narrow escape of being captured, and the whole design, perhaps, frustrated, records the matters thus:—

"My Lord F. was very ill of a fit of the stone, but went in his coach. I think none [went] with him in the coach but my brother and Mr. Arthington, at whose house we intended to be that night. We were about ten horsemen attending him. I was one of them, being not at all weary with my Northern journey. My lord was forced to stop at a little house, called the Papermill, half way, where he voided a great stone, and went on towards Arthington.

"Soon after, about Harewood, we met a party of Lilburne's regiment, that had been conducting some ammunition to Skipton Castle. They ask us whither my Lord F. was going. We told them, to his own house, at Denton. They said there was more in it than so, but let us pass. Then we met Captain Wilkinson, with a party of near one hundred, who came to meet my lord, and were at his service.

"At Arthington there came to us Sir Thomas Slingsby, and several other gentlemen of the country, with their friends and attendants, horse and arms; but not fit to oppose Lilburne's old regiment, which we expected would be upon us, next morning, from York; much less Lambert's army. They had seized the powder and bullet that was going to Skipton, so the war was declared.

"When my lord was retired into his chamber, and none with him, as I remember, but my cousin Arthington, a man of great prudence and interest in his country, (who married my lord's sister), my brother and myself, his lordship began to express himself as one that knew what war was better than we did.

"I am beholden," says he, 'to these gentlemen that come so willingly to venture their lives on this occasion; but it troubles me that I should bring them into this danger; for we have to do with old soldiers. And if I had but such a troop of horse as I had at the beginning of the war, I could march with them where I pleased.' He resolved to go to Denton next morning, hoping by that time more of the country would come to him. They took pity on me, who had been so long without rest, and provided me with a bed, though the house was so full.

"Before I fell asleep I heard great knocking at the gate. It was a gentleman, that seemed to be an officer in the army, who asked if Mr. Brian Fairfax was there, he desired to speak with him. I got up, and went to the gate to him. He told me he had been a scholar in Christ College in Cambridge, and knew me very well of Trinity College. He was now an officer (I think a cornet) in the Irish brigade, under Colonel Kelsy, and desired to speak with my Lord Fairfax. I invited him into the house, and acquainted my lord, who bid me bring him to his bedside: he, poor man, was restless with the gout and stone. I think my brother and cousin Arthington were in the room. 'My lord,' says the officer, 'I am sent from the Irish brigade, a body of 1200 horse in the rear of the army, to tell your lordship they are all at your service, and will obey your commands; and I desire to know where you please to appoint them to meet and join with you.' My lord thanked them and him, and told him he expected to meet some of his friends in a day or two upon Marston Moor, and desired that place might be the rendezvous.

"It was not fit to discover to the officer how very welcome this news was to us in the condition we

were in, but we made much of him. I am sorry I have forgot his name; but I had an opportunity of doing him a service, by the Duke of Buckingham's help, and other recommendations, upon this account. He had a command in the army in Ireland, where he and Captain Stroud, who, I think, was his captain, lived several years after.

"And now one regiment after another in Lambert's army, as they came away, declared for their old General, and there did not want some about him that would have persuaded him to take upon him the command; but he absolutely refused it, and bid them obey General Monk.

"The next day we went to Knareborough, where we met some formed troops, under old officers, that had served in the war; and here we met the Duke of Buckingham, which gave occasion to some officers to say it was a Cavalier design, and they would not be satisfied till he went away from us. Nor did the jealousy cease then.

"The next day we met the Irish brigade upon Marston Moor, six miles of York. The officers, whose names and persons I remember, were Kelsy, Goodman, Stroud. They came with all civility and respect to my Lord Fairfax, but they seemed to have a reserve to themselves, as if by conversing with some of our own officers, or corresponding with Lilburne's regiment in York, they had the same jealousy of a Cavalier design. And I fancy, if they had not stood in awe of Monk, who was then marched into England, we should have heard more of them.

"The next day we expected to march into York, but the gates were shut upon us, and there it was that some of the Irish brigade tendered a paper to my Lord Fairfax, declaring against any government by a single person, &c.; which I saw him tear before their face, and immediately went to the head of his own troops, and were drawn out in the fields towards Popleton, facing one another.

"I was now really afraid that we were going to charge one another, which was a new thing to me, and I did not like it. I never stirred from my Lord Fairfax, and I had an excellent horse that the Duke of Buckingham valued at 100*l*, under me, with suitable accoutrements. But my heart had failed me had not my Lord Fairfax's looks encouraged me. He began to be another man, his motions so quick, his eyes so sparkling, giving the word of command like a General, that I took heart, and I think could have charged with him.

"Thus far I observed; but know not the reason that hindered us from fighting. Our friends were all this while contending for us in York, Sir Philip Monckton and others, but no fighting. I am persuaded that General Monk's hovering over us, and we declaring for him, kept these men in awe, who finding their own strength, had a mind to impose what laws they pleased upon us, but doubted the consequence. Their Colonel, Zaneby, was all this while with Lambert, and never left him, which makes me reflect upon the message I carried to General Monk, which was so punctually observed on both sides, and with so happy success; for as the report of my Lord Fairfax rising in Yorkshire did alarm Lambert's army, and was a great occasion of their deserting him, so the report of General Monk's marching into England, kept them in awe, that they durst not offer any affront or violence to him, or the country gentlemen that were with him.

"We quartered at Popleton that night, at my Lord's sister's house, Mrs. Hutton."

With this we conclude. Lord Fairfax died on the second November, 1671, in his 60th year; and the work closes with a selection of miscellaneous letters, which are amusing contributions to family affairs, and the feelings and manners of the age. Altogether the four volumes are an exceedingly welcome and valuable contribution to the history of England, and the whole will ever be a work of reference for authors who have to treat of other matters connected with the period to which the Fairfax Memoirs belong. Mr. Bell has done his editorial duty with much discrimination and we have only to recommend these volumes to the popularity they deserve.

SOUTHEY.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, J. Wood Warter, B.D. 8vo. Longmans.

WITHIN four of 600 pages, in double columns, this ample repository bears witness to Southey's indefatigable reading and collective industry during the long period of his literary life. A more miscellaneous work never was published; and it is fortunate in having a good index to direct attention to the authors and subjects so multitudinously quoted. Otherwise its perusal is like wandering in a vast forest where every kind of tree, shrub, and flower, and every kind of animal, are to be found; so that you look around and at every turn make acquaintance with a new object, though the whole is a perfect maze of produce, which may be grouped as one *tree of knowledge* bearing many useful and pleasant fruits. The preface describes it as showing "the wonderful stores, the accumulated learning, and the unlimited research" of the gifted collector; and the Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, besides our own English from early times, who are liberally referred to, warrant the truth of this character.

There are two parts; the first and longest consisting of choice passages, moral, religious, political, philosophical, &c.; and the last, of selections apparently got together during twenty years to be wrought into a History of Manners in England, which Southey projected. Of it the Editor remarks,—

"This extraordinary collection is supposed to be lost. Possibly it was destroyed with some other MSS. by fire. The Editor has seen it more than once, many years ago. It was in a 4to volume. Numerous Extracts from Old Poetry and Old Plays will be found in this Collection, but the one alluded to was from the Drama only. Perhaps what related to Manners and Literature was engrafted in the present Collection."

What is so engrafted presents more original matter than the rest of the volume, and is altogether a most attractive miscellany of poetical and historical materials. To afford any adequate idea of the whole is impossible. The exhibition of a brick as the sample of a house has been laughed at; and, in like manner, we might be laughed at if we pretended, by showing our readers a brick or two out of a whole brickfield of every possible kind of manufactured tile, to inform them sufficiently of the contents of that large area. One observation occurs to us in glancing through the mass—viz., the fulfilment of the adage, that there is nothing new under the sun,—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

"Seneca said this eighteen centuries ago—*Nullum magnum ingenium absque mixtura dementiæ est*, and Aristotle said it before him."

And here, simply to illustrate this position, as we cannot illustrate the volume, we offer a few extracts for the edification of the public. Emigration is no novelty as a remedy for surplus population,—

"The speculative politician who at the meeting of the Long Parliament recommended for their adoption the laws of his ideal kingdom of Macaria, as a panacea for the disturbances of the state, mentions among other institutions, 'a law for New Plantations, that every year a certain number shall be sent out, strongly fortified, and provided for at the public charge, till such time as they may subsist by their own endeavours. And this number is set down by the Council for New Plantations, wherein they take diligent notice of the surplusage of people that may be spared.'—*Harleian Miscellany* (8vo. edit.) vol. 6, p. 382."

Neither is the science of political economy, as affecting the competing interests of agriculture and trade, the mere blossom of our day,—

"Great capital Cities when rebellion is upon pretence of grievances, must needs be of the rebel party, because the grievances are but taxes, to which citizens, that is, merchants, whose profession is their private gain, are naturally mortal enemies; their only glory being to grow excessively rich by buying and selling."

"B. But they are said to be of all callings the most beneficial to the Commonwealth, by setting the poorer sort of people to work."

"A. That is to say, by making poor people sell their labour to them at their own prices. So that poor people, for the most part, might get a better living by working in Bridewell, than by spinning, weaving, and other such labour as they can do; saying that by working slightly they may help themselves a little, to the disgrace of our manufacture. And as most commonly they are the first encouragers of rebellion presuming of their strength, so also are they for the most part, the first to repent, deceived by them that command their strength."—HOBBS, *Behemoth*."

Nor is Mr. Newman quite original in his work noticed in a previous page; indeed, he has overlooked the following powerful negative argument on the—

"Consequence of requiring Scripture Authority for Everything."—When this gap was once opened, 'What command have you in scripture, or what example, for this or that?' *una Eurusque Notusque*; it was like the opening of Pandora's box, or the Trojan horse. As if all had been let loose, swarms of sectaries of all sorts broke in, and as the frogs and lice in Egypt, overspread the face of the land. Not so only, but (as often it happeneth) these young striplings soon outstrip their leaders, and that upon their own ground; leaving those many parasangs behind them, who had first showed them the way and made entrance for them. For as those said to others, 'What command or example have you for kneeling at the communion? for wearing a surplice, &c.? for Lord Bishops? for a panned Liturgy? for keeping holy days, &c.? and there stopt; so these to them, 'Where are your Lay Presbyters, your Classes, &c., to be found in scripture? where your Steeple Houses? your National Church? your Tithes and Mortuaries? your Infant Sprinklings? nay, where your Metre Psalms? your two Sacraments? your observing a weekly Sabbath? (for so far, I find, they are gone, and how much farther I know not, already, and how much farther they will hereafter, for *erranti nullus terminus*, God only knoweth). Show us, any they, a command or example for them in scripture."

"Fugerunt trepidi veræ et manifesta loquentem Stolidæ." *Juv. Sat. 2.*

Thus do these pay them home in their own metal; and how the pay can be honestly refused, till they order their mintage better. I yet understand not.—SANDERSON'S *Preface* to his *Sermons*."

And here is the older reasoning in favour of what Young England desired to revive:—

"Evil Consequences of abolishing Sports."—The whole world is distracted with factions; and therefore sure the old time was much to be commended, in tolerating, or rather giving occasion to, some country Maygames, or sports, as dancing, piping, pageants, all which did serve to assuage the cruelty of man's nature, that, giving him some little ease and recreation, they might withhold him from worse attempts, and so preserve amity between men. Upon the abolishing of these, you could not conceive in reason, were it not that we find it true by experience (for sometimes things which are small in the consideration, are great in the practice), what dissolute and riotous courses, what unlawful games, what drunkenness, what envy, hatred, malice, and quarrelling have succeeded in lieu of these harmless sports! And these are the fruits which our strict professors have brought into the world! I know not how they may boast of their faith (for indeed they are pure professors!) but sure I am, they have banished all charity!—GOODMAN'S *Fall of Man*, p. 207."

The newspapers have had many a run at the Berkeley family within the last few years; and it may be a sort of balance to cite what has been written in their favour at an earlier period:—

"Number of Churches founded by the Berkeleys."—It is an eminent ensign of the greatness and pious merits of this family, that one no more travelled than myself should have seen above one hundred churches and oratories in the counties of Gloucester and

Somerset, and in the cities of Gloucester, Bristol, and Bath (besides as many more in other counties and places, as mine acquaintance have faithfully related to me), having their coats of arms and escutcheons, yea, some their pictures, set up in their windows and walls, in and before this Lord's days, and their crosses *formées* in their true bearings.—SMYTH'S *Lives of the Berkeleys*, &c., p. 148."

Let Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, and London list to the following, which bears bitterly enough upon their existing grievances and sore complaints,—

"*Cornwall Overrun with Irish Vagabonds.*—

"We must also spare a room in this Survey, to the poor, of whom few shires can show more, or own fewer, than *Cornwall*. Ireland prescribeth to be the nursery, which sendeth over yearly,—yea, and daily, whole ship-loads of these crooked slips, and the dis-habited towns afford them resting: so upon the matter, the whole county maketh a contribution, to pay these lords their rent. Many good statutes have been enacted for redress of these abuses, and upon the first publishing heedfully and diligently put in practice: but after the nine days' wonder expired, the law is forgotten, the care abandoned, and these vermin swarm again in every corner: yet these peevish charitable cannot be ignorant, that herethrough, to the high offence of God and good order, they maintain idleness, drunkenness, theft, lechery, blasphemy, atheism, and, in a word, all impiety; for a worse kind of people than these vagabonds, the realm is not pestered withal: what they consume in a day will suffice to relieve an honest poor parishioner for a week, of whose work you may also make some use: their starving is not to be feared, for they may be provided for at home, if they list: no alms, therefore, should be cast away upon them, to the robbery of the needy impotent; but money least of all; for in giving him silver, you do him wrong, by changing his vocation, while you metamorphose him from a beggar to a buyer. Lacks he meat, drink, or apparel (and nothing else he ought to be owner of), he must procure them of the worst by free gift, and not make choice, for a just price, of the best. Well, though the rogue laugh you to scorn at night, the alewife hath reason the next day to pray for you."—CAREW'S *Survey of Cornwall*, fol. 67."

We add but one miscellaneous specimen, and then conclude with a lesson to ourselves and our brethren of the press:—

"*The Milky Way, or Watling Street.*—'Sailors used to call the Milky Way Watling Street.' (*Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 90.) In the poem of Orpheus, contained in a black letter volume, of which an imperfect and unique copy is preserved in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, Orpheus is said to have gone to Hell 'through Watling Street.' * * *

"*Trade of Criticism in Shaftesbury's time.*—'There is, I know, a certain species of Authors who subsist wholly by the criticising or commenting practice upon others, and can appear in no other form besides what this employment authorizes them to assume. They have no original character or first part; but wait for something which may be called a *Work*, in order to graft upon it, and come in for sharers, at second hand.

"The pen-men of this capacity and degree, are, from their function and employment, distinguished by the title of *Answerers*. For it happens in the world that there are readers of a genius and size just fitted to these answering authors. These, if they teach 'em nothing else, will teach 'em, they think, to criticise. And though the new practising critics are of a sort unlikely ever to understand any original book or writing, they can understand, or at least remember and quote, the subsequent reflections, flouts, and jeers, which may accidentally be made on such a piece. Where-ever a gentleman of this sort happens, at any time, to be in company, you shall no sooner hear a new book spoken of, than 'twill be asked, 'Who has answered it?' or, 'When is there an answer to come out?' Now, the answer, as our gentleman knows, must needs be newer than the book. And the newer a thing is, the more fashionable still, and the genteeler the subject of discourse. For

this the bookseller knows how to fit our gentleman to a nicety; for he has commonly an answer ready bespoke, and perhaps finished by the time his new book comes abroad. And 'tis odds but our fashionable gentleman, who takes both together, may read the latter first, and drop the other for good and all."—SHAFTESBURY'S *Characteristics*, vol. 3, p. 269."

Flat burglary! We must quit the book where such a quotation can appear. It is, nevertheless, a volume full of various intelligence and ancestral wisdom.

NURSERY TALES.

Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales; a Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England. By J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq. Smith.

Toss them up into the air, and what do ye see? The cradle cup of your childhood, your nurse's prim apron, your young companions' dog's-eared tomes, your grandame's old-fashioned cap, your own fancies and dreams—famous balloons all of them; how they dance about like notes in the bright sunbeams of morning, or midges in the calm evening shade. It is refreshing and rejuvenescent to conjure them all up again; the remembrance gently saddened by the reflection of the many who have fallen through the fissures of Mirza's Bridge* since these were the delight of happy childhood. Alas, where are the fellows of these tales and plays? Cares, and wars, and foreign climes, and disease, and accident, and inevitable age, have thinned their numbers, and but few, hastening onward to the grave, remain to enjoy the treat for which we are so much indebted to our ever-pleasing literary antiquary.

What young or old person can withstand the humour of the story of Chicken-Licken, (p. 20.) We have not Mr. Chambers at hand to look what is his different version of the ornithological romance and tragedy, referred to by Mr. Halliwell, but we remember "Henny-Penny" to the same end, only there was a bit of moral in the mishap which befel her and her companions through "Foxy-Loxy's" treachery, for she had gone, not to the wood where an acorn fell accidentally upon her bald head, but to the pease-stack, where she was stealing pease, when one of them tumbled on her crown, and frightened her with the notion that the lift (i. e. sky) had fallen and the world was near its finale.

The fairy tale of Mally Dixon has been improved in Ireland, where the feline message being delivered, Puss, basking before the fire, leaps up and exclaiming, "Puss, by Jove, I'm King of the Cats," bolts up the chimney, is a more dignified cat-astrophe than that of the Durham legend, (p. 51.)

Dancing Looby (p. 129), as we have known it, innocently and mirthfully executed, is also an improvement upon this version, or at any rate a variety in the sport. It used to run, for example—

All your right hands in,
And all your left hands out,
Shake your right hands a little,
And turn yourselves about.

This seems to be the more grotesque, and so on with feet and head; but Dancing Looby falls short of the crowning fun of all, which called upon the end of the human body, opposite to head, to be put inwardly to the circle, and shaken not a little, whilst the head was laughing like mad at this licensed piece of indecorum.

Passing Jack the Giant Killer, and many other capital stories, we have the imitations, &c., of domestic poultry, as thus, where their clucking conversation, "the cackling of the hen, and the replying chuckle of the cock, is represented by the following dialogue—

"Hen. Cock, cock, I have la-a-a-yed!
Cock. Hen, hen, that's well sa-a-a-yed!
Hen. Although I have to go barefooted every da-a-y!
Cock (con spirito). Sell your eggs, and buy shoes,
Sell your eggs, and buy shoes!

Mr. Chambers, p. 167, has given a very different version of this current in Scotland. In Galloway the hen's song is—

* The beautiful allegory in the *Spectator*, "The Vision of Mirza."

"The cock gaed to Rome, seeking shoon, seeking shoon,
The cock gaed to Rome, seeking shoon,
And yet I aye gang barefoot, barefoot!

"The following proverb is current in the North of England—

"If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block."

We have seen a version of this sort—

Hen. An egg a day, an egg a day, and yet I go barefoot!
Cock. I go about,
From shop to shop to fit your foot,
And cannot do't.
Would you have my heart out!

"Put your finger in foxy's hole" (p. 113), is in other parts of the country "Corby's hole;" and the annexed deserves a farther notice—

"As foolish as monkeys till twenty and more,
As bold as a lion till forty-and-four;
As cunning as foxes till threescore and ten,
We then become asses, and are no more men."

In two verses it makes a very clever song, and we are mistaken if it is not an old one—nearly, if not literally, as follows—

An ape and a lion, a fox and an ass,
Will show how the lives of most men do pass!
They are all of them asses till the age of eighteen,
Then bold as lions till forty they're seen;
Then cunning as foxes till threescore and ten,
And then they are Asses, and no more Men.

A dove and a sparrow, a parrot and crow,
Will show you the lives of most women also!
They are all of them doves till the age of fifteen,
Then lively* as sparrows till thirty they're seen;
Then chatter like parrots until they're threescore,
Then they're birds of ill-omen and women no more.

Among the notices of places and families we read the following—

"SEVERN."

"Blessed is the eye
That's between Severn and Wye.

"Ray gives this proverb, but appears to misunderstand it, the first line not alluding to the prospect, but to an islet or ait in the river, though I have not met with the word *eye* used in this sense. There can, however, be no doubt as to its meaning; probably from A.-S. *ea*."

In the south of Scotland, on the Tweed, for example, the term for such an islet is *ana*, whence derived we know not.

But it is time to finish our random dips and remarks into this welcome addition to our nursery antiquities, stories, songs, game-rhymes, riddles, proverbs, and superstitions, &c.; and we would only hint in regard to "Sowins," (p. 228,) that the dish may be made from wheat as well as oats, and is then a very agreeable pottage not unlike the English furmity; and (same page) that "cutty" spoon is not so exactly a "very small" as a very short spoon. The "Weel dune, Cutty Sark" of Burns, in the matchless Tam o' Shanter, is a classic authority.

LONDON ANTIQUITIES: CARPENTERS' COMPANY.

An Historical Account of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters of the City of London. By E. Basil Jupp, Clerk of the Company. 8vo. Pickering.

THE history of the ancient civic companies comprises much that illustrates in a very important manner the general history of the country. In the height of their power they exercised great influence in political and public affairs; and while they fostered trade and commerce, were no inconsiderable barriers to shield the bulk of the population against the arbitrary acts of the nobility. Their members constituted the middle class, a class, which, as Mr. Jupp observes, afforded protection to the weak against the tyranny of the powerful, and at the same time lessened the wide gulf of separation existing in feudal times between the nobles and other ranks; demonstrating to the haughty baron that the sword was not the only passport to wealth and influence, and holding out to the people a prospect of advancement and security,

* The original word bears a stronger imputation.—Ed. L. G.

which gave the meanest subject a stake in the general welfare of the nation. Some of the most sagacious of our monarchs soon perceived how valuable such societies would become as checks on the encroachments of the Norman aristocracy, and they willingly extended to them the advantages of their patronage. It may, then, readily be imagined, that the records of ancient guilds of this description would generally furnish important materials for the archæologist and historian. The author of the present work has selected one of the City companies for his researches, and has produced so valuable a work, that we sincerely trust his example will be followed by many others.

The readers of the *Literary Gazette* will recollect the discovery some time ago, of some curious ancient paintings concealed by canvas in the Hall of the Carpenters' Company, which were described by Mr. Fairholt, and published in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*. It appears to have been this discovery which led Mr. Jupp to pay attention to the subject; and he naturally expected to have found some notices of the paintings in the Company's records. This hope was not realized, and the only early notice of them is contained in a letter from Thomas Nash, the celebrated satirist, written in 1590, and preserved in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum. The passage is so curious that we are tempted to give it entire, merely modernizing the orthography:—"And for the printers there is such gaping amongst them for the copy of my Lord of Essex voyage, and the ballad of trescore and four knights, that though my Lord Marquis wrote a second part of his *fever-lurden** or idleness, or Churchyard enlarged his Chipes, saying they were the very same which Christ in Carpenters' Hall is painted gathering up, as Joseph his father strews hewing a piece of timber, and Mary his mother sits spinning by, yet would they not give for them the price of a proclamation out of date, or, which is the contemptiblest sum that may be, worse than a sente or a dandiprat, the price of all Harvey's works bound up together." It is supposed by the author that these pictures were concealed from public view to escape the notice of the Puritans. All the subjects of the paintings are scriptural, and three of the series contain figures which would have received the condemnation of the ruling party. In 1645, it was ordered that all those pictures that had the representation of the second person of the Trinity upon them should be forthwith burnt, and the same order was also applied to any in which the Virgin Mary was portrayed. Mr. Herbert gives an instance of similar folly being practised in 1643, in the case of some paintings in Merchant Tailors' Hall, representing the history of their patron, St. John the Baptist.

The records of the Carpenters' Company, however, furnish ample information on many other points. In 1504, we find the first allusion to that ancient civic custom, the setting out of the Midsummer Watch:—"Payde to four men to wache with the Mayre, and to goo with hym anyghtes . . . xvj. d."

"Payde in expences for goyng aboute with the mayre in the toune in the wache iij. d."

The watch for the ensuing year was always appointed with much pomp and ceremony on the Vigil of St. John, or Midsummer's Eve; hence the appellation of the Midsummer Watch. On this night, as we learn from Stowe, the standing watches in every ward and street of the city and suburbs were habited in bright armour. There was also a marching watch, consisting of as many as two thousand persons, most of them old soldiers, who appeared in appropriate habits. All of them were armed, and many rode on horseback.

This procession was attended by men bearing cresset-lights, which were provided partly by the companies, and partly by the city chamber. Every cresset-bearer was presented with "a strawen hat and a painted badge, besides the donation of his breakfast next morning." The constables, one half

of whom went out on the Eve of St. John, and the other half on the Eve of St. Peter, were dressed in "bright harnesses, some over-gilt, and every one had a jorinet of scarlet thereupon, and a chain of gold; his henchman following him, and his minstrels before him, and his cresset-light at his side." The mayor himself came after them, well mounted, with his sword-bearer before him, in full armour, on horseback, preceded by the waits or city minstrels, and the mayor's officers in liveries of worsted or say jackets party-coloured. The sheriff's watches came one after the other in like order, but not so numerous; for the mayor had, besides his giant, three pageants, whereas the sheriffs had only two besides their giants, each with their morris-dancer and one henchman." Mr. Jupp has given a curious sketch of a cresset from a specimen preserved in the Tower of London.

The fines paid by members are particularly curious, and afford useful illustrations of ancient manners. Thus under the year 1556, John Griffin was fined sixpence, "for that he came to the hall in his coat and his leather apron;" Mr. Abbot paid the same sum, "for that he held not his peace before the master had knocked with the silence three tymes;" William Mortimer was fined two shillings "for calling Mrs. Frank *beast*." On the twelfth of September, 1603, it was ordered, that "if any one of the assistants shall come to sit in this court without a cap, or any of the assistants or livery to come at any solemnity, without a cap to do his attendance, for every time so offending he shall forfeit twelve pence." From one entry we learn that a man was liable to be fined if his wife reviled a neighbour!

Another curious entry occurs under the year 1559, which we will give in modern orthography:—"Memorandum at this court: it was agreed that Christopher Gibson, for his obstinacy and unquiet behaviour with the master and warden, and with the whole assistants, and for his untrue dealing with one Anthony Beer, of the same company, duly proved before the face of the whole court above mentioned, and also was upon a complaint made by one of his neighbours, whose name is Robson, a pewterer, of his untrue dealing with the same Robson's wife, and like proved at the same court, as concerning the taking away of a cloth from the hedge, which was between Anthony Beer and the same Gibson's wife, which cloth was denied of the same Gibson and his wife; and for the more quiet, the master and warden commanded the same Gibson to take two of his neighbours, and required the same Robson also to take two of his neighbours, and gave respect in the choosing six days; to the which the same Gibson did promise, but he did not according to promise; where for the misbehaviour, and not obeying the order of the master and warden, with the assent of the whole assistants, according to the ordinance of our house, fined the same Gibson at the sum of forty shillings."

Our limits will not allow us to continue these extracts, but we have said enough to exhibit the nature of the work, which is replete with interesting information. We cordially recommend it to our antiquarian readers, and congratulate Mr. Jupp on the successful result of his labours. A collection of facts of this description is truly valuable, and its interest will not be impaired by time. Its value, indeed, is by no means confined to the members of the company whose transactions it commemorates.

THE ROMAN CIVIL LAW.

A Summary of the Roman Civil Law, illustrated by Commentaries on, and Parallels from, the Mosaic, Canon, Mahomedan, English, and Foreign Law.

By Patrick Colquhoun. Benning and Co.

THE author is known to the public in the diplomatic and classical departments of literature, as having negotiated treaties with Turkey, Persia, and Greece, and from a short but condensed view of the various authorities who have written on the Site of Troy. He there introduced the same principle of drawing parallels, and after three times visiting Asia Minor, and comparing the evidences of Strabo and other authors of ancient and modern date, decided in favour

of the classic geographer on this vexata quæstio. The paper appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*. He has now resumed his legal researches, and has produced the first part of the work which is the subject of this notice. We extract the following passages from the preface, as leading to an exposition of the work, and his motives for writing it:—

"The object of the author in the following summary is to supply a deficiency which has hitherto existed in the legal literature of this country with respect to the Roman Civil Law. On the Continent there are various works on this subject, but many are inaccessible to readers not acquainted with the modern languages in which they are written, while those that are composed in Latin require the devotion of much time and labour to their perusal; many of them are intermixed with the local laws of the countries to which their authors belong; in addition to which, it is difficult to fix upon any one work which unites the desiderata of law and legal antiquities, by combining them in one work. It may be urged that these matters are not of practical application; but in order to meet this objection, parallels have been introduced, without, however, asserting in all cases, that because the law in several different systems coincide, the one is necessarily derived from the other.

"The chief systems by which nations have been governed may be divided into two categories,—those which arose out of a code, and those which had their origin in the accumulation of individual laws. Of the first description are the Mosaic and Mahomedan laws; of the second, those of Rome, of the Christian Church, and of Great Britain. The law of the Israelites had a definite origin in the law of the two Tables, termed of Moses, in which the most general rules were laid down, and subsequently completed in detail by a succession of Divine commands, communicated through Moses.

"The Moslem Code of Mahomed was founded on the precepts of the two Tables, and so far may be said to have an origin common with the Israelitish law; but the Koran, their peculiar code, was not put forth to the world as a whole, nor did it appear in its entirety, until collected from the isolated fragments left by Mahomed, and arranged without regard to dates or matter, but simply according to the length of the chapter, the longest being placed first."

"The Roman law cannot be traced to any fixed principle or code—customs founded on older laws prevailed—the Decemviral law was overwhelmed, and what may be termed statute and common law founded on the above, obtained a paramount authority. Of this, interpretation formed the principal part, and as the interpreters were men of great reputation and learning, and usually decided on cases propounded under feigned names, a practice arose, which, as it excluded the supposition of favouritism or bias, deservedly acquired the force of law.

The prætor's edict was also an authoritative decision, and formed a part of the Roman common law. In later years, codes of these constitutions and digests of these decisions were drawn up, but the first authoritative work in a codified form was that of Theodosius. Justinian followed soon after with a code of constitutions and a digest of decided cases; and after his age, the law declined with the empire.

"The canon, like the civil law, is not traceable to any code, but is founded on the general moral rules to be collected throughout the New Testament.

"Councils and synods passed legislative enactments regarding church government, and dogmas followed by decretal epistles of the popes which, with decrees of councils, were embodied in constitutions, together with maxims taken from the civil law, and formed the entirety which we term the canon law. This law is now extinguished in England, except in a more modified form, as used among the clergy in matters of church discipline.

"The origin of the present law of England is so remote and so varied, that even when we travel across the Channel to seek its rise among the Saxon

* Mr. Collier, who first printed this letter, misreads this word, *fever-furder*, and Mr. Jupp repeats the blunder. The term is not very uncommon.—See *Halliwel's Dictionary of Archaisms*.

conquerors, we find ourselves almost equally involved in the dark cloud of past ages. We may, however, assume that it took its rise in various enactments of different tribes of Saxons and Danes, and not in any code. These enactments of individual chiefs or kings were severally developed in their little kingdoms: the older ones became obsolete as enactments, but continued in practice and in spirit under the name of common law. The system thus created was codified by Alfred, increasing in volume by interpretations and decisions, until a new element was infused through the Norman law, itself a motley mixture of the Roman, Canon, Feudal, and Frankish systems. This reduced most of the Saxon laws to the position of common law. Acts of legislation began to be passed, and in progress of time grew obsolete, and were forgotten. Statutes operating as common law were revived, others were repealed, still leaving always some ill-defined vestiges of their former existence,—in other words, forming the basis of a custom. Charters were granted, and contracts entered into; interpretations were given by the courts where the case at issue was not directly provided for; civil law maxims and principles were introduced in certain branches by standard legal authors, in addition to which, some traces of the canon law were discernible;—in short, the varied sources of the common law defy the discovery of their individual origin. Statute law is, however, now the prevailing strength or weakness of the age, and tends not a little to complicate the whole, at once repealing and reviving parts of different acts, and superadding new provisions. These new starting-places, called codes and digests, if introduced, would place the whole on a more satisfactory footing, since continued alterations on alterations and exceptions on exceptions, have gone far to destroy everything like general principles.

"The chief heads are the Roman law under the various periods, the senate, the assemblies of the people, the leading lawyers of the different epochs, the line of kings and emperors, the Justinian code and Pandects, the Basilics, assize of Jerusalem, Mahomed, Koran and laws, lawyers of the middle age, the popes and canon law, the Roman canon law, common and statute law in England, with parallels interspersed."

We have occupied so much space with generals, that we have no room for particulars, but we must give the short report of the author's sentiments on the Reform Bill question. After referring to the origin of Parliaments, the author brings us to 1834, the year of the passing of that Bill:—

"In the year 1834, the famous Reform Act was passed to remedy abuses which had in the progress of nearly six hundred years crept into the representative system. During that period, the migration of the people from the so-called rotten boroughs had left the election of these boroughs in the hands of the aristocracy and other influential landed and monied proprietors, and of limited corporations, affording opportunities to wealthy, learned, and intelligent persons connected with commerce, shipping, the arts and sciences, colonial, and other absent interests, and the army and navy, to procure seats, and of thus making the claims and interests of their respective classes, as connected with those of the empire at large, better understood in Parliament, because none other possessed the requisite practical, professional, and local information they could afford. A more ready introduction into public life was thus afforded to the sons of the nobility, who also became thus legislatively educated for their future position; and hence we find in the upper House much intelligence and useful knowledge, which could only have been acquired through attendance at committees and debates in the Commons. Nevertheless, the reform introduced invaluable improvements in the mode of conducting elections, by limiting the duration of them, and which must have reduced the inordinate and ruinous expense attendant on contested ones. How far it is possible to check the bribery attendant on them, without extinguishing the excitement of a pseudo-patriotism, and introducing in the course of time apathy in regard to public affairs, is a problem

yet to be solved. In the times of the Roman emperors with which a parallel in this respect may be drawn, we find that this selfish feeling so inherent in human nature, when no longer tolerated, indirectly produced an utter carelessness and indifference in regard to political matters, to which Juvenal bears witness.

Jampridem ex quo suffragia nulli
Vendimus effudit curas; nam qui dabit olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones omnia, nunc se
Continent atque duas tantum res anxius optat
Panem et Circenses.

Alluding to the traffic in votes by the poorer class of plebeians, and to their consequent disfranchisement by Julius Cæsar."

There is much more to extract, but the reader is referred to the work itself;—to the student in law it will be invaluable, and, in our opinion, it must supersede the meagre works of Hallifax, Brown, and others, which have hitherto formed the class-books of our universities. There are some typographical errors to which we would call the attention of the author in the next edition.

STATISTICS OF POETRY.

[We this week carry our Poetical Statistics over Eight Fingers, reckoning nothing for the Vice Thumb, without which we reckon above 900 pages, and 18,500 lines.]
The Heart's Vicissitudes, &c. By M. Theresa Wightman. Edinburgh: Menzies. London: Orr and Co., pp. 136

GENERALLY placid, pleasing, and inclined to sadness, this collection of short poems does honour to the feelings of the gentle Heart from which they emanate. We cite an example from the fifty (or thereabouts) of these meditative outpourings:—

"THE CALL OF DEATH.

"Come to my dark and silent hall,
Come mortals, come away;
Come young and old, come one and all,
The last great debt to pay—
To Death.

"Come monarch, from thy gilded throne,
Thy pomp and pageantry;
Resign thy sceptre and thy crown,
The vassal now to be—
Of Death.

"Come conqueror, from thy gory field,
Come, conquered now to be;
Strive not 'gainst my dark darts to shield,
For none wage war with me—
King Death.

"Come tyrant, whose proud scowling frown
Fills hearts of men with fear;
Here shalt thou meet no trembling one,
All, all are equal here—
In Death.

"Come lover, from the lost one's urn,
Beneath the moon's pale beam;
O! why on earth so vainly mourn,
Thou'lt meet her in the dream—
Of Death.

"Come baby, from thy mother's arms,
The bud must also die;
Nor youth nor innocence can charm
The cold and iron eye—
Of Death.

"Come hither, houseless wanderers all,
Outcasts on earth who roam;
Ye have no share in lordly hall,
Come to my peaceful home—
In Death.

"Come spirits worn by want and woe,
Children of misery,
Blighted in hope and heart below,
There's sweet repose with me—
Calm Death.

"And fear not, trembling mortals all,
To yield your fleeting breath,
Since I, too, have my time to fall;
For Love shall conquer Death—
Grim Death."

The Ballad of Edwin and Emma. By David Mallet. A new edition, with notes and illustrations, by F. T. Dinsdale, LL.D. London: Bell, Richmond: Bell; Bowmans. Barnard Castle: Atkinson, pp. 130

THIS has surely been a labour of local love, and crowns the several recent notices that have appeared in the *Gazette* on the subject. We have not only the popular ballad founded on the Bowes Tragedy, and

illustrative notes, but the biography and genealogy of every individual connected with it—a memoir of Mallet, an account of previous editions, a description of Bowes, the castle, and church; and, as we have mentioned, a searching inquiry into the particulars of the families of Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, (the original hapless hero and heroine,) their co-relatives, and the subsequent fate of every branch and individual. Add to these, engravings of the village, a map, the castle, the church, and the monument lately erected in memory of the *True Lovers* by the author. If he had had the succession to an estate in view, he could not have taken more pains, nor displayed greater devotedness; and his little volume well merits a place among all poetical collections. An exact copy of the burial register is given as follows:—

"Roger Wrightson Junr and Martha Railton both of Bowes, Buried in one grave: He Died in a Fever, and upon tolling his passing Bell, she cry'd out My heart is broke, and in a Few Hours Expir'd, purely thro Love March aged about 20 years each." 15th 1744

Dr. Dinsdale adds—

"The words 'as supposed,' and 'aged about 20 years each,' are, there is but little doubt, interpolations. They are written in a somewhat smaller hand than the rest of the register, and the words 'aged about 20 years each,' do not follow the previous line in regular order, and the space between these words and the previous line is less than between any two of the other lines. Independently of this, the words themselves furnish intrinsic evidence in support of the conclusion, that they were inserted subsequently to the date of the register."

The curate of Bowes from 1750 to 1770, has stated that "they were much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty," and "aged about 20 years each," and the author thinks it most probable that he was the person who made the additions to the register. We may observe that we have a MS. copy of the epitaph, which corroborates the accuracy of the above.

A Modern Visit from the Devil. By One in Babylon. Second edition, by D. Macdonald, Esq. Wilson, pp. 28

WITH some amusing illustrations this is a most discursive satire, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. We can hardly detach a few lines as a sample:—

"But I'll publish my verses now, though somewhat stale,
Like a 'Satirist' stained by a whole summer's ale
In a small public-house by the road-side of life.
Come: I'm armed with my pen, so here's 'war to the knife'
With the empire of humbug, Society's stare
With the park-seen Medusa (I sometimes go there),
With the lacquer of gold shining brightly and fresh
O'er a skeleton grim, with the sad sale of flesh,
(Often marriage as well as another vocation,
That doth not lack pelf in this God-fearing nation.)
With the pimp of Politeness, Religion, and Folly,
Not the Deity's worship, I mean, pure and holy,
But the pew opener's trade that asserts human souls
By their outward appearance, as sin-stain'd, in shoals
The frail bodies rush in. Hark! the organ's grand base is
Rolling deep o'er their blasphemous whispers for places."

"I would war with all falsehood, that's base-stamp'd with truth
In the dull Mint of Fashion, with cold vice in youth,
With the old man that toys near his grave with dim eyes,
Like a Pantaloon stealing Time's awful disguise;
With all in a word artificial!—with men
That have clamber'd up sneaking, nor look back again
From the ladder of life, but when up, kick it down
Least another it help. Let the slave below drown
In the mud of starvation."

Varieties, by a Wanderer. Booth, pp. 126.

"Exeter's famed hall
Swarms with the friends of freedom, great and small,
To educate the heathen give their mite,
To further missions, spread the Gospel light
O'er lands where darkness, bigotry prevail.
Do they e'er ask how far their pains avail
To clear that darkness? how the sums they heap
To make religion to the heathen cheap,
Are paid for secretaries, agents, rent,
And, after all, a fraction merely, spent
Upon the object for which thousands meet?"

"Whence is this?
Is Britain then so overwhelm'd with bliss?
Her troops, her navy, curb the nations round,
While houseless, starving Britons swarm the ground.
She squanders millions on the China squabble,
And crushes her own poor to a mere rabble.
Poor wretches! who offend against the law
To get a shelter with some food and straw!
What are our laws but premiums to crime?—
They people snare, as birds are snared with lime."
And so on, very sensible it may be, but not requiring
comment as poetry.

Truthland. Dublin: Oldham, pp. 19
This is a literary curiosity at least—a halfpenny
book (we believe), and published in answer to two
halfpenny books, one from the London press of Mr.
James Burns, and the other entitled "Nodland," from
the Dublin University press. Will it be credited that
religious controversy has come to this complexion at
last: not penny wise, but halfpenny wise; and better
written, and argued too, than in many productions of
greater bulk and higher pretensions. We have not
seen either of the Lilliput performances here
answered; but gather that they are a sort of mining
and sapping attacks upon the Church of England, for
the writer observes, sagaciously enough:—

"With respect to the first and more interesting
poem (*Dreamland*), it gives little or nothing of the
principles or teaching of our Protestant branch of
the Catholic Church; and, for aught that it contains,
it might have been the production of a member of the
Church of Rome, except that such a one would
scarcely omit to give prominence to the chief pecu-
liarities of his creed; or at least, would take care to
insinuate them.

"There is danger in omissions of this kind. There
is also danger in laying more stress on certain exter-
nals than our Church does, and giving, as it were, a
misplaced emphasis to points of subordinate impor-
tance. In this way, (as in the interpretation of the
Bible itself,) a wrong view of the whole of our Church
may be given, though nothing contrary to it in any
point may be directly expressed. The man who is
perpetually talking of 'the Church—the Church,'
seems to come under the rebuke of the Prophet, dis-
credit against those of old, who boasted 'the Temple
of the Lord—the Temple of the Lord—the Temple of
the Lord are these.'

"The teacher who chooses, as his most frequent
and favourite subjects of discourse, matters relating
to mere rites and forms, or Church authority, or
Church privileges, though he may make no over-state-
ment in any one instance, yet thus shows the wrong
bias of his mind; and by the undue earnestness with
which he descants on them, compared with the time,
and thought, and feeling, which he devotes to the
doctrine of 'Christ crucified,' as the sinner's hope;
and the offices and operations of the Holy Spirit, and
the duties, temper, and affections becoming the
Christian character, proves that he has not learned
'rightly to divide the word of truth.' Such teaching
cannot be without its bad effect on minds of an ima-
ginative turn. They may thus be led (though not
designedly) to acquire, in this diluted form, a taste
for something very different from the spirit of our
Church, and be prepared, by degrees, to take a
stronger dose than at first they could have borne, and
even with the addition of new ingredients, which for-
merly they would have rejected as rank poison. Al-
lowance, however, may be made for some, who thus
err upon such matters, all of which indeed have their
relative importance; and it must be admitted, that
many regard them with too great laxity or in-
difference. This is no reason, however, for rushing
to the other extreme—the propensity (which has
not yet spread widely in this country) to exaggerate
the importance of the external Church, at the expense
of the great basis on which it rests."

The poetry follows up the sensible spirit of the
prose, and draws an amiable picture of the Episco-
palian Protestant Church.—Three stanzas by way of
proof:—

"No land of drowsy-head art thou,
Nor Dreamland should'st thou be,
The Sentimentalist's romance,
The Poet's pageantry—

The chiming bell, the organ tone,
The Old Church-yard so trim,
The funeral train, the grave-flower sad,
Seem all that pleases him.

"But thou hast higher claims, I ween,
For laudatory lay,
Than ritual pomp, or antique forms,
Or picturesque display:—
Thy ancient polity, and decent rites,
Our reverence, too, must win—
Yet, not the Temple we adore,
But Him that dwells therein."

"Our good old Church—true Church of God,
She holds her even way,
Far from the maze of wild dissent,
And Rome's despotic sway—
Her errors she abjures, but clasps'd
The truth unto her soul—
She tore the poppy from her back,
But left the garment whole."

The Thumb Bible. Longman and Co.

This is a unique reproduction of a quaint little affair,
hardly two inches square, and bound like an ancient
folio. The imprimatur to the third edition is October
6, 1693, and the dedication is to the Duke of Glou-
cester, the son of Queen (then Princess) Anne,
whose death caused such a change in the Stuart
dynasty and English history. J. Taylor, the author,
addresses the reader and tells him—

With care and pains out of the Sacred Book,
This little Abstract I for thee have took,
And all I beg when thou tak'st it in hand,
Before thou judge be sure to understand.

Which is no bad advice as regards all books, though
we sometimes do find it difficult to put the precept in
practice. The composition itself consists of selec-
tions of texts from the Bible, ("Verbum Sempi-
ternum") and rendered in verse, which would not
discredit the odd doggerel of Zachary Boyd, in the
library of Glasgow University. For instance, in the
Exode, when Pharaoh's heart is hardened, and he will
not let "God's people" depart—

"Strange Plagues from Heaven on him and his do fall,
Blood, Flies, Lice, Beasts, Scabs, Hall, and Frogs that
crawl,
Grasshoppers," &c. &c.

History runs as smoothly—

"Aithophel himself hangs in despair;
And Absalom dies, hanged by the Hair.
A Thousand Women, some Married, some unwed,
The Wisest King to Idols have misled."

The Apocryphal books are rather pooh-poohed—

"In many places they do seem to vary,
And bear a sense from Scripture quite contrary."

But we need go no further. The present curiosity
is from Whittingham's Chiswick press, and although
its coat be rough, there is no lack of improving
popular teaching in it, which, besides its bijou antique
form, will recommend it to general acceptance.

Poems. By Spencer Hall. Orr and Co., pp. 84
ONE of the small harmless effusions. There are some
pretty poetical expressions, yet there is nothing in
the tottle of the whole.

Herbert's Poems and Country Parson. Washbourne,
pp. 377
GEORGE HERBERT's Temple, and other religious
poems, are teeming examples of the age to which
they belong. Full of humility and piety, they are
quite as full of conceits and quaintnesses. This
neat little edition ought to be welcomed, as the revival
of a curious work which was held in high value above
two centuries ago.

The Decalogue, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer,
versified. Pickering, pp. 24
Such things spoil the simplicity of Scripture, and
dilute what is forcible. *Ex. gr.* the first two lines of
the third commandment, and the paraphrase of "Thy
kingdom come," in the "Lord's Prayer,"—

"How many hourly call upon God's name
In common cursing, swearing, they profane."

And,—

"Increase thy saints and let thy kingdom come."

SUMMER-TIME.

A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. By
the Rev. R. A. Willmott. Parker.

A CULTIVATED mind and superior taste are the pleas-
ant qualifications out of which has sprung this agree-
able volume. Intellectual capacity, poetical discrimi-
nation, and unaffected morality blending into religious
feeling, are its distinguishing features; and the author,
with a warm love for the beauties of nature and a
memory stored with various reading, has produced a
composition which cannot be dipped into without in-
structive and satisfactory results. Any page of it
will answer for a sample of the whole general charac-
ter, and we take the diary of the date on which we
are writing:—

"May 25th.—I have been impressed by a remark
of Professor Wilson, in 'Mill's History of India,'
that people who declaim against the tyranny of
caste, should recollect its compensations. The cau-
tion need not be limited to the Hindus. Whatever
be the varieties of human states and fortunes, some
delicate turn of the balance makes them equal. The
scale is in the hand of God. The thrush sings in
the cottager's garden, and the skeleton hangs behind
the gold tapestry. Even the mute creation clears up
dark passages in the economy of the intellectual.
For one gift bestowed, another is taken away. The
bird of paradise has coarse legs. The eye of the bat
is too weak for the gloom it inhabits; therefore the
sense of touch is quickened; it sees with its feet,
and easily and safely guides itself in the swiftest
flight. The sloth has a similar provision. Look at
it on the ground, and you wonder at the grotesque
freaks of nature; but follow it up a tree; watch it
suspending its body by the hooked toes, and swinging
from bough to bough, and you perceive its organiza-
tion to be exactly suited to its wants. Paley notices
the same principle of compensation in the elephant
and crane. The short unbending neck of the first
receives a remedy in the flexible trunk; the long
legs of the second enable it to wade where the struc-
ture of its feet prevents it from swimming.

"The changes of light and shade are tempered to
insect sensibility. In the deserts of the Torrid Zone,
the setting sun calls up myriads of little creatures,
that would perish in its full brightness: while, in the
wintry solitudes of the north, sunset is the signal for
repose. The lesson of compensation is taught by the
humming of flies along the hedges. The flutter of
a day has no reason to complain of the shortness
of its life. It was a thought of Malebranche, that
the ephemera may regard a minute as we look upon
a year. The delusion is its recompense.

"And if we turn to the history and fortunes of
men, a long series of balances keeps opening on the
eye. The ear alone might be a motto for an essay.
In South America, a cicada is heard a mile; a man
only a few yards. Kirby has calculated that, if the
voice increased in volume proportionably to the size
of the body, it would resound over the world. Every
inch must deepen the thunder; and two giants might
converse with ease from the North Pole and the
Ganges. The slightest enlargement of stature would
be watched with apprehension; and an island with
one man of seven feet in it be altogether unin-
habitable. Pope did not forget this providential
adaptation of the organ to happiness:—

If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purring rill.

Who will complain that he is more inaudible than the
grasshopper?

"Man has another compensation in the fineness of
his ear. Dugald Stewart remarked of the warbling
of birds, that it gives pleasure to none of the qua-
drupeds; nor is it even certain if the music of one
species gratifies another. Who ever heard a spar-
row pause in his impertinent chirp, because a lark
sprang wavering into song above his head? There
is no reason to suppose that the owl considers his
hooting in any degree less agreeable than the chant
of the nightingale. If, therefore, we have a fainter
tongue, let us look for and find our balance in a more
sensitive hearing."

SUMMARY.

The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, &c. By G. Martin, M.D. Churchill.

A NEAT panoramic folding view of this sweet bit of English scenery forms a fit frontispiece to the volume, on which Dr. Martin has bestowed all the pains of a labour of love. There are very complete meteorological observations for many years, and the same as regards climate, with medical inferences and advice. The Doctor deems the Undercliff preferable to Madeira in many instances, for its fine and equal temperature and the effect on bronchial and pulmonary diseases. Thunder and tempests rarely occur in this favoured vicinity. It is beautiful and picturesque. Its natural history is abundant and interesting. In short, it is just the place for an experienced and clever doctor to live in; and with plenty of patients, make "live and let live" his motto. A remarkable blue haze, smelling strongly of peat, which has occurred several times within the last six or eight years, is the only peculiar matter that has seized our attention: it is not easily accounted for. But in spite, were we ill and could get thither, we should be strongly tempted by this volume to wend our way to Ventnor or Bonchurch (or oh! for Mr. Surman's quondam college) and put ourselves under the charge of Dr. Martin, sure of being intellectually gratified and healthfully engaged, if not perfectly cured, by the experiment.

1. *Arabella Stuart*. 2. *Agincourt*. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
RESERVING Mr. James' *Thirty Years Since* for a separate notice, we have only to mention these reprints of two of his popular historical novels as an accession to the uniform edition, which has been so pleasant to readers, and so welcome to the literary shelves emulous of possessing the entire works of a favourite author. They are prettily embellished, each with a frontispiece, and, like all really good things, seem to improve upon farther acquaintance.

Holbein's Dance of Death, with a Historical and Literary Introduction. Smith.

THIS is an exceedingly neat and well executed edition of a work which has been popular for three hundred years, and will be popular if men continue to be men for many hundred years more. It exhibits the great mystery in every habit and phase. Its jocularity rather points than blunts its universal moral. It exhibits the Tyrant welcomed or dreaded as the life he is about to extinguish has been spent, and far beyond the rustic rhyme of any churchyard, teaches every class how to die or be prepared for death. The character and spirit of the designs are at once curious and admirable, and their variety of situation and expression unbounded. We strongly recommend the publication as fulfilling all that could be wished in such a production. A singularly interesting ancient bedstead at Aix-la-Chapelle, drawn and engraved from the original by Mr. Fairholt, is a congenial and valuable addition to the volume.

Bloxam's Gothic Architecture. Bogue.
"NINTH edition," and highly as we have described its precursors, we find very considerable improvements in this, both as regards the text and the illustrations.

Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England. Drawn and etched by W. B. Scott. London: Bell. Newcastle: Currie. York: Sunter. Carlisle: Thurnam.

MR. SCOTT is of the Government School of Design, at Newcastle, and this work shows that whatever complaints may be rife against that at head quarters, there is something in the Provinces of which we need not be ashamed. The examples of interesting historical objects, Church decorations, plate, and antique furniture, are of a very superior caste, both for antiquarian connoisseurship and taste in the arts. The fasciculus, in short, is far above the general class we have produced in London with much more parade, and deserves to rank with the best of these in every respect. An exquisite nautilus cup set in gold, belonging to Mr. Howard of Corby Castle, might challenge the whole exhibition in the Adelphi; and an ivory cup, its companion in the castle, is a rich

example of ancient carving. The chair, by tradition that of the Venerable Bede, is a rough old relic; and the swords of Cromwell, Lambert, and Sir T. Fairfax, would have made famous cuts to illustrate Bentley's *Prince Rupert* or *Fairfax Correspondence*. A Norman book cover, Norman wall paintings in the Galilee, Durham Cathedral, and various examples of fine antique wood-carving, chimney-pieces, seats, &c. &c., are etched in a capital manner, and form altogether such a publication, that we only hope it will be encouraged to run through many similar Numbers.

History of Hannibal. By Jacob Abbott. Low.
A SERIAL volume, and illustrated with woodcuts. The vein which runs through the narrative is directed against war, and conquerors are treated as great destroyers, in contrast to peace-makers and other benefactors of their kind.

The Protestant Leader: a Novel. By Eugene Sue. 3 vols. Newby.

THE close resemblance of this novel to "Old Mortality," so far from lessening its interest for the English reader, in our opinion affords it an additional ground for perusal. It is worth while to measure the two writers together, and look closely at a case which involves national peculiarities, and exhibits the difference between English and French feelings and literature; the genius, also, of the two men; the homogeneity of Scott, the inclination to extravagance in Sue. But besides these extrinsic ideas, the French tale itself, well translated, has many historical points and characters vigorously painted; the invented parts are equal to the author's best performances; and the whole is one of the least objectionable and most acceptable of the modern Paris school.

THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Drummond's Histories of Noble British Families.
Second Notice—Conclusion.

THE history of the Percival family is one of the most curious. The author in a preface corrects some mistakes in connecting the House of Yvery with it; and in a supplement supplies the true "table." Here is a sample:—

"Thomas was not of age in 1200. He was a hopeful youth, however, for in the *Rotuli Curie Regis*, 1 John, Somerset, Simon, the priest, summoned him for having murdered the priest's father, John Cusin, in the night, tore out his tongue, and burned the King's writ upon his face, which the priest offers to prove by himself, who, for fear of his own life, was concealed in a window, whence he saw and heard everything, and by divers other witnesses named in the pleadings. Thomas appeared to answer, and replied, That was an old story then, for it had happened three years before, and that the Justices had been in the county since, and no complaint made. The priest rejoined, That Thomas was so much master of all the county, that he dare not proceed against him for fear of his life. Thomas was committed to the safe keeping of his father, and two years after, compromised the matter with the priest by paying 100 marks."

Another Thomas was one of the murderers of Edward II., in Berkeley Castle.

The history of Dunbar is more than commonly attractive, from the views it affords of the state of Scotland at the time of the Reformation. The following is an extraordinary statement:—

"The Dunbars seem to have considered and used the Church property of the Bishopric of Moray as if it were their own. The first Gavin had been Dean from 1481 to 1518: Peter was the Subchanter about the same time. Archibald is Archdeacon in 1540: David Subchanter in 1547: Alexander Subchanter from 1556 to 1562: David was Dean from 1550 to 1560: Alexander Dean from 1560 to 1572: Gavin Archdeacon, 1572. It has been impossible to trace this line with any certainty higher than the year 1560, which is the less to be wondered at, since the author of a manuscript history of the family in 1554 was either unable or unwilling to give it. It is probable that the first were natural children of these ecclesiastics. Lest this supposition should appear unjust, it

is well to remember the state of morals at this time prevalent in Scotland. In 1525, Cardinal Beaton had three bastards legitimized in one day, *Rec. b. xxvi. No. 330*. Stewart, Bishop of Aberdeen from 1532 to 1545, another *b. xxviii. No. 360*. Chisholme, Bishop of Dumblane from 1527 to 1564, gave great portions of episcopal patrimony to a natural son and two natural daughters, *Russell's Hist. Bishops*, p. 179. Stewart, Bishop of Moray from 1527 to 1534, had a bastard daughter legitimized, *Rec. b. xxx. No. 116*, and a bastard son, *No. 374*. Hepburn, Bishop of Moray from 1535 till the Reformation, had five bastard sons and two bastard daughters legitimized, *xxx. 585, 572*. Lord Strathallan says of the Drummonds Deans of Dumblane, "that they were exceeded by none in the propagation of their kind." In two foundation charters of chapelries by Archdeacon Inglis to the cathedral of St. Andrews, it is stipulated that if any chaplain *aliquam concubinam vel focariam publicam retinere seu tali publice adherere*, and after being duly admonished, shall not dismiss her, his chaplaincy shall be declared vacant. By *focaria* is meant the wife of any priest who lived in his own house, *focosa*. In the foundation charter of two chapelries by Gavin Bishop of Aberdeen, he gives as the reason wherefore he names two men to serve there, *quod dicti duo capellani sint abque concubinis vel focariis*. Such being the condition of the clergy, the following is the description of the state of the laity at the same period, by Mr. Lyon in his *History of St. Andrews*, i. 373. In Perth alone, whose population did not exceed six thousand, there were, on an average, eighty convicted cases of adultery annually, even under the superintendence of Mr. Row, its first Protestant minister: and Mr. Lyon informs us that in 1569, a report was made to the General Assembly that in Orkney there were six hundred persons convicted of incest, adultery, or fornication. But the most extraordinary instance of the prevailing profligacy of the age is to be found in the will of Lord Balmorino in 1612, who bequeathed to his three daughters, 10,000 marks each, upon condition that they do not 'abuse themselves in harlotry.' Not the least revolting part of the case is, that these offences were searched out by the Presbyterian clergy, and punished by death with a cruelty never exceeded by the papal inquisitors, of whose iniquities they pretended to be the reformers. —*See Crim. Trials passim*."

Of the fierce border chiefs, the Humes or Homes, we select a characteristic story:—

"David of Wedderburn was the principal actor in the slaughter of Anthony D'Arcie de la Bastie in 1517. When Albany went to France, says Godscroft, he gave to De la Bastie the government of Lothian, and the castle of Dunbar for his residence. He also made him Warden of the Borders where the Homes chiefly resided: he likewise conferred on him the whole estate of Hume, forfeited by Alexander, 3rd Lord, (descent below,) and put a French garrison into the castle, from which, as it was raised high above the surrounding country, he looked down upon them as from a watch-tower, and as it were, shewed his triumph for the slaughter of their chief. This David of Wedderburn had every day before his eyes, and it sorely afflicted him. The slaughter of his chief and near relation, the family ruined and banished, the honour of his name, and the danger of every noble from the tyranny and treachery of Albany, tormented his enterprising soul. The nobles were insulted, the whole nation was held in contempt even by the French for yielding to the yoke of a foreigner, the common people were enraged, and lamented the degeneracy of the nobles. An occasion soon presented itself for putting an end to this state of things. William Cockburn, his brother-in-law, was angry that the guardianship of his nephew was not given to him by his brother, and got David to besiege the castle of Langton, which the guardians held for their ward. De la Bastie being at Kelso, heard of this, and cited Wedderburn to meet him on the road to Dunbar, for which he was to set out the next day. Their meeting was at first peaceable, but by degrees they became more warm, and De la Bastie desired they would desist, and that if any injury had been done to William Cockburn,

they might try his right, but not by force. Wedderburn replied to this, that he had no business with it; but that William was thrust from his right in the administration of his nephew's affairs; and that this was done by the fraud of the curators, as his brother was too afflicted by disease to withstand their importunities, but that if William was in the wrong, he was answerable for it, and not him. This put De la Bastie in a fury; he insisted that he should raise the siege of Langton, otherwise it would bring ruin upon them all. David resolved on revenge: having passed the village of Fogo, within half a mile of Langton Tower, then furiously besieged by William Cockburn and David's brothers, he sent a message to acquaint them with the affair, and desired them to come to him with their swiftest horses, to attack De la Bastie's troop. Leaping on the choicest horses, and shouting out the name of Wedderburn, they strike terror into their enemies. There were but eighteen horsemen who could be relied on. De la Bastie had five hundred horsemen, French and Scotch, but those of the Merse sided with Wedderburn, and those of Teviotdale got out of the way. Carr of Littlejohn seized Wedderburn's bridle, and begged him not to engage against La Bastie, but finding him resolute, he, too, slipped away with the rest of Teviotdale. When De la Bastie saw how matters stood, he called fawningly to Wedderburn, apologizing for his rough passion, and begging to come to a mutual agreement; Wedderburn thinking he had gone too far to recede, upbraided him with the slaughter of his chief. When the Frenchman saw that the Scots had deserted him, and that only his own men remained faithful to him, whilst Wedderburn's party rapidly increased, he took to flight: he was mounted on an excellent horse that had belonged to Lord Hume, and had been saddled in the Scotch fashion, he would have carried him safely off, but unaccustomed to French trappings, his speed was obstructed; yet he sprang away, and passed through Dunse, leaving his pursuers at a distance. A page of Wedderburn who had been left at home, hearing of the tumult, flew to it on one of his master's horses, and with a drawn sword kept pace for De la Bastie step for step, every now and then making a thrust at him. Bastie threatened the boy, but his horse fell, and though he was soon on his feet, he was roughly handled by the page, till John and Patrick Home, Wedderburn's brothers, came up and killed him. His head was brought to Dunse and exposed, and afterwards it was carried to the castle of Hume. It has been falsely alleged that this action was perpetrated by fraud, but Wedderburn was more famed for daring than cunning; and I have heard from those who were present at the action, that it was not premeditated, but that the opportunity offered was taken advantage of. David, in the triumph of his barbaric rage, fastened the head of his victim by its long and adorned hair to his saddle bow, and regained his house, breathing contempt against the regency and the laws. The head was placed on a spear on the highest turret, and the hair was long preserved in the charter chest of the family. In 1520, he rode into Edinburgh, with a band of eight hundred horse, to assist Angus against the Hamiltons; and the people of Edinburgh called this skirmish *clear the causeway*, because the faction of Arran was as it were swept from the streets. When James V. being quite a boy, was asked in 1521 what should be done with some French whom Albany had left behind, he replied, 'Oh, give them to Davie Home's keeping.' The hair of De la Bastie was preserved in the family until the year 1810, when it was thrown into the fire by Miss Jean Home, the then proprietress of the house. It is to be hoped that this was done in repentance of the savage conduct of her progenitor. David was cited before the council in Edinburgh, and not appearing, was outlawed, and Arran was ordered to go with a strong force in search of him. When Arran came to Lauder, Wedderburn sent him the keys of all his castles of Wedderburne, Home, and Langton, in all of which Arran put garrisons, and he himself returned to Edinburgh. Wedderburn then repaired to the castle of Edrington, on the borders of the lands belonging to the town of Berwick, the Governor of

which had married Wedderburn's sister; and he remained there all the time of his banishment, with little less power than he had at home, no one venturing to leave the country without his leave. The only man who opposed him was Robert Blackadder, abbot of Coldingham, on account of ancient family disputes; meeting one day out a hunting, with an equal number of attendants, they fought with such bitter enmity, that the abbot and most of his men were killed. After this, he hastened to secure his castles, which he gained possession of one after another, and then he brought the whole country under subjection; it is probably at this time that he brought back his chief, George, to take possession of his property. When Angus, in 1520, expelled the Earl of Arran and his faction from Edinburgh, Wedderburn was there along with Angus's brother William, attended by at least eight hundred horsemen, and forced them to open the gates of the city, but not before Angus had obtained a complete victory. Godscroft adds that it was he who took down his kinsman, Lord Home's head, from the Tolbooth, but others, apparently better informed, say it was George Lord Home who did this. It is very odd that there should be such contradictions in the accounts of facts by writers almost contemporaneous.

"The Governor, Albany, who was still in France, granted a pardon to David and his brothers and uncle; David repaid the favour by rendering the Governor effective assistance in his expedition into England, and stood by him when all the other Scots deserted him, upon which occasion the King granted him the reward of an augmentation to his arms. He was a staunch hater of the English, and nothing would ever induce him to make friends with them to save his property from plunder. When Surrey invaded Scotland, he attacked all Wedderburn's castles. That of Wedderburn was surrounded by a moat forty feet broad and nine deep, and by a thick wall with seven angles, at each of which was a circular tower. The keep was square, and the wall sixteen feet thick. There was a drawbridge before the gate, which was the only entrance into the castle. Each tower had two doors, one of oak, and the other of iron bars, which could be drawn up or let down at pleasure. Surrey battered down the castle, and blew up the keep, but Wedderburn continued to live in the fragment that remained till his death. The castle of Blackadder, which belonged to his brother, was treated in the same manner, as also those of Nisbett and Polwarth. The castles of Aytoun and Dunse had been destroyed in the time of James IV. The castle of Hume was alone preserved and garrisoned by English. He so distinguished himself at the siege of the castle of Wark, that the King, James V. gave him as a reward, an augmentation to his arms, the motto, *remember*, and an unicorn's head gorged with an imperial crown for his crest. It was a point of honour in these times for a chief to espouse all the quarrels of his vassals. Lauder, the teinds of which belonged to Andrew his brother, was held of the Abbey of Dryburgh. The abbot being dead, Carr of Littlejohn seized on the abbey and its revenues. David, enraged that he should come out of Teviotdale into the Merse, which was under his protection, set about reducing the abbey again into his power, and dispossessed Littlejohn, who had taken up his residence at the abbey. David made over the abbey to the new abbot, and got the teinds of Lauder confirmed to his brother. Two years afterwards, (in 1524), fighting with the English, he was wounded and taken prisoner; but the horse he rode being very swift, he broke away from them, and had already got two miles away, when his horse getting tired, he determined to throw off the saddle, which the borderers were accustomed to do, even at full speed; but the girths entangling the horse's legs, he stumbled, and David fell on his head, when, owing to the bleeding of his previous wounds, he expired in the hands of the enemy. On the place where he fell, a cross was erected, which stood for a long time."

There are very many singular anecdotes in almost every pedigree, which exhibit the popular feelings and manners of the times; but we must conclude, and

cannot do better than by adopting the ancient name of Drummond itself:—

"About 1490, a complaint was made to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's by the Abbot of Inchaffray (Murray), stating that some of the Drummonds whom he calls, 'Satan's soldiers and rotten members,' had barbarously burned in the Kirk of Monivaird a number of his kinsmen, without either regard to God or that place to which they had betaken themselves for a refuge. 'The Archbishop accordingly by all the solemnities required in the rubric of the great excommunication, sic as book, bell and candell, recommends the anathematizing of them by the Bishop of Dunblane. The cause was this, there was a ryeiding of the teinds of the Drummonds lands in Monivaird belonging to the Abbey of Inchaffray, which was the process by which the value was ascertained; a quarrel arose out of this. Moreover it happened that shortly before Walter Drummond of Menie, and his two sons had been killed by a bastard son of Murray of Tollibardine; news whereof had come to Captain Campbell of Dunstaffage, who had married a daughter of that Drummond, and he had arrived to inquire into the outrage committed on his father-in-law, with a party of his Highlanders at the very time of this ryeiding of the lands. The Murrays alarmed at seeing them, betook themselves to the Church, and all would have passed off quietly had not a shot, fired from the Church, killed one of the Campbells, whereas the rest of the Highlanders were so enraged that they set fire to the Church which was only covered with heather, and so burned all within it. This inhuman barbarity being repeated to the King who was at Sterling, he went in person to Drummond Castle, whither the Drummonds had betaken themselves. David was taken and carried to Sterling, and 'was drawn blood of,' notwithstanding the intercession of his sister Margaret and his mother on their knees. His life would have been spared if the mother, a bold proud unadvised woman, had not in her passion uttered some unadvised words. Moreover, the King ordered an assythment for the slaughter, to be paid to the survivors of the family."

"This sad outrage was at length compromised, and on the 14th January, 1500, a letter under the Privy Seal was 'maid to the Lord Drummond and Schir William Murray of Tollibardine, Knight, their kinsmen frendis and servandis for hertliness to be had amangis them in tyme to cum; renuncand and forgevand to the said kin and frendis of baith the parties at actions and crimes of the Birnyngis of the Kirk of Monivaird and slaughter of the Kings lieges at that time.' * * *

"Thomas was concerned in the burning of the Murrays in the Kirk of Moneyvaird, after which, he being in the castle of Drummond in company with his nephew David, the house was rendered to King James IV. But this Thomas Drummond refusing to give himself up with the rest, leaped over the Castle wall, and so escaped into the wood close beside the house. He was for that and some other bold pranks called 'Tom Unsained' (Unblest). By this name he was ever after known, for in the Treasurer's Accounts of July, 1513, there occurs the following entry: 'Item to Thomas Drummond, alias Thom Vsanit, at the Kingis command, the tyme the schippis past away 7l.' He fled first to Ireland and thence to London, where he procured favour from King Henry VII. by whose intercession he got a pardon from King James IV. After that he returned to Scotland and lived at Kincardine with his niece Annabella, wife of William Lord Graham, who sold him the lands of *Drummondirenoch* (which signifies the Irish Drummond lands) formerly called *Waig-town*.—This debt was unpaid when the last possessor sold them in 1800, in order to discharge it nearly 300 years after it was contracted."

We have only to add, that many picturesque views of ancient castles, palaces, religious houses, and remarkable places, farther embellish this beautiful work, which we earnestly trust may be followed by other family histories, compiled with equal ability, and adorned with similar profusion of delightful art in every department which it embraces.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE CELTIC.—NO. IV.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As my last paper was wholly occupied with classical subjects, I purpose to devote this number to the consideration of scriptural words exclusively. If, however, any of the results arrived at should appear startling to long-cherished opinions and prejudices, I must entreat a calm examination before they are totally rejected. Truth should be the object of every candid inquirer, and truth can never be at variance with the word of God, nor can the authority of that word be weakened either by the discoveries of geology or the investigations of philology.

It is the opinion of the pious commentator, Matthew Henry (preface to vol. 2), that the historical books of the Old Testament were not composed at the period of the events which they relate, but that probably they were compiled by the prophet Jeremiah, or some contemporary of him, from previously-existing documents. Whether this opinion be correct or not, I am disposed to think that the language of the present Hebrew version of those books, and of the Pentateuch, is but a modernized form of the language of Moses and the Patriarchs, and that we must seek the interpretation of many words that have not been thus modified in Celtic, which entered so largely into the primitive dialects of Syria and Palestine. This view of the matter, so far from invalidating in any the slightest degree the truth of scripture, will, I hope, give additional confirmation to it, by affording internal evidence of its veracity, evidence which could not possibly be fabricated.

By means of Celtic, for example, we may identify Sarah, the wife of Abraham, with *Isach*, the daughter of Haran, and show that the latter name, as well as *Sarai*, by which she is also known, are expressive of facts in her history. The identity we speak of has been long ago suggested, but it seems to be proved, in a manner, from the meaning of the names in Celtic. Thus, *Isach* in that language signifies barren, which was expressive of Sarah's state for a long period, and *Sarai* means taken away, or carried off from a lawful owner, a name having reference to her having been twice taken from Abraham by the Kings of Egypt and Gerar, during his sojourn in those countries.

The name of *Hagar*, Sarah's maid (in Hebrew letters, *חַגָּר*), is not to be derived from the same root as the *Hejira* of the Arabs, as if meaning flight, though Gesenius would have us think so, but from the Welsh dialect of Celtic, in which *Hagr* signifies ugly; and it is not improbable that the bondmaid deserved the appellation, for we may well believe that Sarah, who herself was a beauty, would not have selected the fairest of her servants to be the partner of her husband's bed. And here I may observe, that several other scripture names can be more satisfactorily interpreted from Welsh than from Hebrew: for instance, *Amraphel*, the name of the King of Shinar, mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, may more appropriately be derived from the single Welsh word, *Amraphawl*, which means hanghty, arrogant, than from the two Hebrew words from which Gesenius suggests it is contracted—namely, *Amer-aphel*, and which he explains to signify "the commandment which went forth," rather a curious meaning of a man's name.

In like manner, the name *Ehud*, which from Hebrew is interpreted to mean joining together; in Welsh signifies, foolhardy, and seems very applicable to the character of that Judge of Israel who bore the name, and who stabbed the King of Moab in his summer parlour at the eminent risk of his own life.

Ebal, the name of the mount whence the curses were pronounced by the Israelites after their entrance into Canaan, signifies, in Welsh, a heap of antiquity; but the most curious coincidence I have observed between words in that language and Scripture names is, that the Welsh term *Nawb* signifies both protection granted to guilty persons, whereby they might defend themselves against those whom they had hurt, and also a refuge or place to fly to where one is

protected; and that *Nod* is the name given in Scripture to the place where Cain betook himself after the death of Abel, and when God had put a mark on him lest any finding him should slay him.

Curious as these coincidences (if they deserve no better name) may be considered, coincidences still more curious may be observed between Scripture names and words to be found in the Irish dialect of Celtic—in fact, I am inclined to think that the study of Irish may be of essential use to the proper understanding of many expressions in the sacred tongue; the proper names already interpreted might suffice to evince this, but other terms also explained through the same medium evidence it still more strongly.

The *Homer* and the *Cor*, measures of the Hebrews, are represented in Irish by *Omam* and *Com*, the names of vessels of capacity. *שֶׁכֶן*, a knife, finds a counterpart in the well known *Seian* or *skeene*, and *קִינָה*, *kinah*, the term made use of to denote the lamentations of the Jews, is obviously of cognate origin with *Caoine*, pronounced *keenah*, which expresses the keening or mournful wailing of the Irish. This resemblance has been remarked by O'Brien in his Dictionary, who observes that the ancient mode of spelling the Irish word was *Cine*, a form which approximates still more closely to the Hebrew. Another Irish word in which a resemblance to Hebrew has been noticed by the same author is *Seibéal*, denoting chains, fetters, and which he rightly connects with *בָּבֶל*, a fetter; and in like manner *בֶּן*, a son, is compared to the Chaldaic *בֵּר*, denoting the same thing. Many other resemblances might be easily traced, and I shall give examples of some which, though not so obvious to the general reader, are more likely to be appreciated by the philologist. The Rev. Richard Garnett has remarked (Philological Transactions, vol. ii. p. 259) that words commencing with the letter *c* have this letter frequently modified by a guttural prefix. Now, bearing this remark in mind, some interesting analogies are observable betwixt Irish and Hebrew words; for instance, when thus modified—

The Hebrew *לָקַח*, to take, becomes the Irish *glacab*, to take.

..... *לָחַם*, to fight, becomes the Irish *glacaim*, to fight.

..... *לָצַט*, a veil, or covering, becomes in Irish, *glac*, a veil or covering.

As this last word assumes an adjective form in Irish, and signifies sage or discreet, it is a more appropriate appellation for the Patriarch Lot, who was rather inclined to be worldly wise, than that assigned to his name from Hebrew, which would make it signify, wrapt up, hidden. In like manner with the above, I would compare the word *לָיַל*, night, with the Irish terms *gleile* or *gleal*, for I conjecture that the Hebrew word originally denoted moonlight, and the moon in that language is called, the white one, as indeed it is in Irish, for *gealac*, the moon, is derived by O'Brien from *geal*, same as *gleal*, white or fair. Compare also *לָן*, to pass the night, with *luan*, the moon, in French, *lune*. The name of Leah, Jacob's wife, may, by prefixing the guttural, be traced to *Clacab*, squint-eyed, which seems as appropriate an appellation for her, as wearied, the sense assigned to her name in the Hebrew Lexicons. Her aunt Rebekah's name signifies in Celtic subtle or crafty, and may have reference to her artful conduct in the matter of procuring the blessing for her son Jacob. The Irish word is *Reabac*, and means subtle.

The word cherub, in Hebrew characters *כִּרְבּוּב*, and placed by Buxtorf under the root *כָּרַב*, *chrab*, is confessedly of doubtful etymology. Yet Celtic seems to explain it at once, for in it *chrab* signifies swift, fleet, expeditions, most appropriate designations for the winged messengers of heaven.

Hosanna, the word of gratulation with which our Lord's entrance into Jerusalem was hailed, and which is commonly derived from two Hebrew words, *hoshiah na*, meaning save now, seems more fitting to be traced to the same root as the Irish term *com-ranab*, everlasting, perpetual; and as applied in scripture, would be equivalent to live for ever. Thus it appears to make better sense to say, "eternal

duration to the son of David," than to say, as commonly explained, "save now to the son of David."

The term *Maranatha*, used by St. Paul, (1 Cor. xvi. 22,) in addition to the word *anathema*, is usually supposed to be derived from two Syriac words, signifying "the Lord comes." This interpretation, however, is rejected in Kitto's *Biblical Cyclopedia*, as utterly untenable; we may therefore propose another, and I would suggest it is akin to the Irish word *Maranab*, eternally, as if the apostle had said, "Let him be anathema to eternity."

The Hebrew word for manna is *מָן*, which is explained to signify a portion. In Irish *man* signifies food. I cannot, however, forbear to think that the form *manna*, is the true term originally used, and that it signified the bread of heaven, being derived from *Manan*, (pronounced *mannaw*), as it is written, "Man did eat angels' food." "He gave them bread from heaven to eat."

אֲרִיִּים and *תַּמִּים*, the mysterious appendages of the breastplate of the high priest, which are generally known as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, but which may be read without the points as *Avrim* and *Thonim*, and about which such various conjectures are offered, seem to be so called from two Celtic words, *Avrim*, I speak, and *tamam*, I am silent; and from some indication afforded by them, whatever they were, the priest could ascertain, we may suppose, whether the Lord approved or not of what was proposed for his award.

The word jubilee, or in Hebrew *יִבְלִי*, which denoted the great period of rejoicing among the Jews, is thought by Gesenius to be an onomatopoeic word, derived from the sound of shouts of rejoicing. I would, however, prefer tracing it to the Celtic origin, *yub-aoibéal*, day of rejoicing; it is thus at once expressive of the event commemorated, and formed on the analogy of *my-aoibéal*, rejoicing time.

I have reserved as the last word for our consideration on this occasion the name *Jehovah*, which, marvellous to say, is expressive of the plurality of persons in the godhead, when interpreted through means of Celtic! To trace the derivation, however, we must bear in mind the well-known fact that the letter *d*, followed by a vowel, often becomes *j*, thus from the Latin *diurnus* comes the French *journee*, (other examples may be seen in the Greek lexicon of Scott and Liddell at the word *Zeoc*.) This being premised, I hope it will not appear to be forcing an etymology when I derive *Jehovah* from the Celtic *ye-cho-mheac*, literally signifying coequal God! What confirms in some degree the truth of this surprising interpretation is, that *Com-ye*, in which the order of the components is reversed, is still found as a compound in our Irish dictionaries, and is supposed to denote the Trinity. If the above etymology be correct, how much will the value of Irish, as an aid to scripture interpretation, be enhanced; and in the belief that it will ultimately be found so, I now commend these observations to the attention of the learned and candid reader. ALEPH.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"The study of words is the study of men."

GENESIS, xxi. 33.—"And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of יְהוָה אל עלים—*Yehovah el olam*."

This is the first place in the Bible in which this title is given to the Almighty; it is rendered in the Septuagint, *Θεὸς οὐρανός*, "the everlasting God;" but it is interesting to know that the entire name is perfectly intelligible in the Celtic, and is still more significant than the meaning attached to it in the Greek; it also presents an invaluable testimony to the antiquity of the Celtic tongue, as the words are nearly the same, letter for letter, thus: יְהוָה אל עלים, *Yehovah el olam*, in Celtic, *Dea-fo-ahat al ol-aw*, pronounced *Yea-ho-vah al olam*, literally means the "God

* *am-βροσία*, the food of the gods, means the same thing, being derived from *ye-awm*, heaven, as if *am-βροσία*.

† Is the word *God* derived from *com-be*?

of infinite goodness, the mighty, of all time," i. e., of time past, present, and to come, the everlasting; and the same translation of the sacred name *Yehovah* was given by God himself to Moses, see Exodus xxxiv. 6, "And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." This is the explanation of the name *Yehovah*, which has given rise to speculation, and which the Hebrew tongue is not capable of explaining satisfactorily.

Judges, x. 6,—"And the children of Israel did evil again in the sight of the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtoreth," &c.

The usual meaning attached to the word Baal is, lord or governor; but it evidently means the sun, as the name is capable of being explained in the Celtic; thus, it is either from *ba*, good, and *al*, universal—i. e., the cause of all good; or from *bea*, pronounced *beah*—i. e., life, and *al*, universal; *bea-al*, *beah-al*, the cause of all life, light, and fruitfulness on the earth. This name for the sun is preserved to the present day in Irish, for the name of a year in the Celtic is *bliaðain rectius bea-al-ain*—i. e., the circle of the sun or bea. And while on this subject, let us glance at other names of the sun. Sol, *Sul*—i. e., light, joy, pleasure, &c. This word and its inflections are to be found in numerous Celtic words, all denoting enjoyment, &c. *Titan*—*Αφελω* *ελαψι* *Titar*. This name is derived from *ti*, or *te*, heat, (see the name, *Ra-men-teli*, of one of the Shepherd-kings of Egypt, *Literary Gazette*, No. 1084.) Apollo, from *Ab*, the lord—*oll*, of all—*lō*, light. I repeat this derivation, though Sir W. Betham suggested another, and evidently a wrong one, as published in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1080, p. 235. Therein he says that *lō* means water, not day; but the Irish phrase, *do* *to* *asur* *lō* *o'che*, "by day and by night," plainly shows that *lō* signifies day, and by inference light. Phaeton, the son of Titan, is, in my opinion, identical with the Phoenix, the fabulous bird mentioned in Herodotus, Euterpe II., for Phaeton is derived from *Pha*, heat; and Phoenix is also derived from *phai*, heat, and *neagh*, a representation, or apparition, or spirit, pronounced *Phai-neagh*, i. e., the spirit or essence of heat, inferentially proceeding from Titan. The Phoenix was represented as having "gold and crimson feathers," i. e., flame-coloured, and was consequently an impersonation of flames, in the various forms of which it was very easy for an imaginative person to see the Phoenix. So much for the sun; now let us turn to Ashtoreth, or "the moon," which is derived from *As*, out of *teas*, the sea. *Strea* is evidently the same as the *Atrops* of the Greeks and Phœnicians, and this name was given to the moon, because she appeared to rise out of the ocean, and to govern it. Let us examine into the origin of a few other names of the moon, which are significant in Celtic, and which may serve to throw some light upon ancient mythology. *Diana* is derived from *Dia* and *an*, swift, i. e., the swift goddess. The name *Artemis* I consider to mean *Ar*, a stag, and *temis*, to fly—*Ar-temis*, pronounced *Ar-tehim*, the flying stag—and to have been applied to the moon when in her first quarter, or when horned. There is a beautiful statue of Diana, and a stag which she has caught by the horns, and which may be significant of how swiftly Diana or the full moon pursues Artemis or the new moon. *Cynthia* is derived from *Cyn*, meek, gentle, mild, &c.

"Nec sit terras
Ultima Thule."

The term *Ultima Thule*, which is usually taken to mean the farthest land, really means the farthest north, from the Celtic *Thul* or *Thul*, the north. And the reason it was called *Thul* is this—it was customary for the Celt, as well as other sun-worshippers, to turn towards the east when in the attitude of prayer; hence the left hand *Thul* was towards the north, the right hand *Dea* to the south, before *Ol* to the east, and behind *Sjot* to the west. And it is worthy of note, that the custom of calling the four cardinal points by the position of the body is

to be found in the Book of Job, xxiii. 8 and 9, wherein the words left, right, forward, backward, should be read north, south, east, west; thus—"Behold I go *קר*, to the east, but he is not there; and *אמר*, westward, but I cannot perceive him. On *צפא*, the north, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on *צפ*, the south, but I cannot see him." It is a strange coincidence that the order observed in those verses is exactly the same as that used by the Irish of the present day in repeating the cardinal points, *Ol*, east, *Sjot*, west, *Thul*, north, *Dea*, south.

In the definition of the name of the Egyptian god Amon Ra, which I suggested in No. 1679, page 202, *Literary Gazette*, I overlooked the name Ra, which is derived from *ra*, bounteous, good, fruitful; hence *Rae*, a fruitful field; hence *Amun Ra* would mean the river of plenteousness; that renders the land fruitful; and I suppose the worship of the river Nile arose from the circumstance of a proper rise of its waters being essential to the existence of the Egyptians.

Orpheus, from *Orph*, music, *ομφεαδ*, a musician, from *or*, a voice, and *φειος*, a pipe or reed.

Let us now turn to other Eastern tongues, and we shall find plain traces of the Celtic language in them.

Koh-i-Noor,—the name of the great diamond of Lahore—i. e., the mountain of light, is almost the same in the Celtic, *Codab*, a mountain, *Δ-Ν500π* of light, pronounced *Koda-a-Noor*.

Bab-el-Kout, the Arabic name for the rock and fortress of Aden, on the Red Sea, lately taken possession of by the British, means "the gate of strength," in Celtic *babul*, a gate, *av*, of, *Cubac*, strength, pronounced *Bavin-an-Ku-ght*; there is really less difference in those two examples of the similarity of the Celtic to the Arabic and Sikh languages, than exists in that of some of the counties of England to each other.

Anā, the name of a town on the Euphrates, which was once the treasury of the sultans of Arabia, in Celtic, *anā*, riches, treasure, inexhaustible riches, &c.

"No eye could pierce the void between.
It seemed a place where *Gholes* might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen."

LALLA ROOKH.

Gholes, this word is derived from *gola*, gluttony, *guals*, a glutton.

Futty-gung, the name of a famous cannon taken from the Sikhs, i. e., the victorious in battle, in Celtic *buada na geang*, pronounced, *Food na Geang*, means, victorious in battle; Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, derived her name *buada*, Victoria, from her victories.

FRANCIS CROSSLEY.

HIMYARITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your valuable journal an inquiry from one of your correspondents relative to the inscriptions in the neighbourhood of Shirm Wejh, in the Red Sea, as the companion, on that journey, of the late Lieutenant Wellsted, I venture to offer the following remarks, which may prove of use to your "Constant Reader," particularly if his queries should still remain unanswered.

In page 189 of Wellsted's second volume of *Travels in Arabia*, the inscription near Wejh will be found faithfully delineated by the lamented traveller. A few of the characters strongly resemble the Himyaritic, while others, again, are not to be found in the alphabetical table of the late Professor Gesenius. These characters are all carved in the roughest style, and, if of the Himyaritic type, exhibit a carelessness of execution not seen in similar tablets in Yemen—some of the letters being cut in an inverse manner, as seen on stamps and seals, while others are drawn in a recumbent position, or are made to stand on their heads. For a long time, I regarded these signs as emanations of the fancy of idle individuals that have frequented the ravine in which they

exist; but a comparison with the Himyaritic tablets of Wadi Ghorab and Nakab al Hajar identifies them as of the same class. In this (Wejh) inscription, there are, however, some characters not, I think, noticed by Professor Gesenius in his alphabet, and perhaps, too, overlooked by Forster, that might tend to facilitate the labours of those employed in this inquiry; and a closer inspection of the deep ravines lying to the North of Wejh, and to the east of Moilah, might possibly elucidate others. I am inclined, also, to class the writings found on the rocks that border the valleys of the Sinai peninsula with the Himyaritic, though I believe they have hitherto been considered as affixed to the Phœnician or Palmyrean.

I cannot inform your correspondent on the subject of the translations of Professor Gesenius and Mr. Forster, further than the "little memoir" alluded to by the former in his letter to the secretary of the Royal Geological Society, I believe, was never completed, but his "Preliminary Remarks" on the Himyaritic writing will be found in its "Journal," p. 118, vol. xi., 1841, part 1. The copious work of the latter learned gentleman has been published some time since, but the system of interpretation adopted by him has been considered erroneous, inasmuch as the readings are thought to commence where he makes the lines to terminate; at least, I have heard this advanced by some talented men, when discussing his translations, and merely relate the circumstance as a guide to your correspondent, in the event of his labouring in the same field of inquiry.

The latitude of Wejh is 26° 14' north, and its longitude 36° 29' 7" east. In 1830, when the survey was undertaken, the variation of the needle was 8° west. The inscriptions are about six miles east of the village, and lay in the track or high road between Medinah, Egypt, and Syria.

Yours, &c.

FELIX JONES,
Commander Indian Navy,
and Surveyor.
Baghdad, 11th April, 1849.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW PLANET.

PROFESSORS Schumacher and Capocci, by circulars, have announced the discovery, by Signor Gasparis, at Naples, of a tenth planet between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Its luminosity is about that of stars of the tenth magnitude. Its compeers in the group are, as may be remembered, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Astræa, Hebe, Iris, Flora, and Metis.

STYRONE.

AFTER showing that styrene, hitherto little studied, may be represented by $C_{10}H_{16}O_2$, and that it is consequently a combination of cinnamic acid analogous to the natural fatty matters, M. F. Joel states that this body, by the action of a boiling concentrated solution of hydrate of potash, is resolved into cinnamic acid, and a new substance which he proposes to call styrene. Styrene, $C_{10}H_{16}O_2$, passes to distillation with water whilst there remains any solution of cinnamic acid. There results no other product. The distilled product is milky, but it clears in a short time, and fills with a trellis of fine crystalline needles. These slender, oblong, satin-like needles are styrene, which has an agreeable hyacinth smell, melts at 33°, evaporates at a higher temperature without decomposing, and reforms crystals anew. It is soluble in a sufficiently large quantity of water, and very soluble in alcohol and ether. Its manner of crystallizing in water is very peculiar. If a hot and saturated solution be left to cool, it becomes agitated, then milky, and after a few hours clear, filling itself with the fine needle crystals. The microscope discloses that this property of becoming milky proceeds from an infinite number of minute oily drops, which, by degrees, and sometimes suddenly, vanish, seeming to dissolve, and in their place appears a crystal, which to the microscopic eye increases by attracting the oily particles that surround it, and absorbing them. There is scarcely a doubt but that this phenomenon is pro-

duced by the amorphous liquid passing into the crystalline state. In all cases the oily styrene would be a hydrated compound, and the phenomenon a separation of the water of hydration. Treated with manganese and sulphuric acid, styrene, like styracine, yields oil of bitter almonds.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

M. BRAVAIS transmitting to the Academy of Paris details of phenomena of atmospheric illumination observed on the 4th inst., writes:—"In the night of the 3rd to the 4th of May, we saw round the moon a halo, ill defined, and two mock-moons situated on the halo, the one on the right exhibiting on its side facing the moon a reddish tint well marked, and on the opposite side a white horizontal tail of some degrees in length; a brilliant arc situated 46° above the moon encircling the zenith in an azimuth amplitude of about 100° ; its colours were very distinct, the red on the convex side, that is to say, facing the moon. The distance from the red ring to the centre of the moon was found to be $45^{\circ} 17'$, by two observations taken with Borda's circle at one hour precisely; this double observation was repeated at one hour ten minutes, the greenish-yellow being the point of the ring observed, and the distance found was $45^{\circ} 53'$. At mid-day the sun was surrounded with a fine halo, the colours of which were especially brilliant in the part nearest the zenith. The distance from the centre of the sun to the middle of the red ring (orange-red) was found equal to $21^{\circ} 49'$ in a horizontal. At four hours forty minutes, the halo being very weak, there was seen to appear for some minutes the same circum-zenithal arc which had appeared the preceding night round the moon, but it was less clear, and its distance could not be measured. During all this lapse of time the sky was covered with light and vapoury clouds. The circum-zenithal arc is a very rare phenomenon for our climate, and of which we possess but a very small number of exact measurements; the above have been taken with care and in good circumstances. Their results afford the greatest accordance with the general theory of these phenomena.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

May 9th.—Mr. W. Tooke, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. D. Wyatt read a paper on "Metal Work and its Artistic Design." He commenced with remarks on the absolute necessity of the study of *specific design*, in order to confine the errant imaginations of artists within reasonable bounds, and in order fully to take advantage of all the natural properties, mechanical capabilities, and recorded experiences, peculiarly belonging to all materials, in the elaboration of which it is requisite that an alliance between use and beauty may be effected. The author maintained that all propriety and perfection in manufacturing design was derivable from the result of such studies, and that the more clearly the objective individuality of every ingredient was preserved and enunciated in the finished article, the more satisfactory to both eye and mind would the character of its ornamentation appear. The *specific design* of metal work was described as based on three great studies—a thorough knowledge of which was requisite to all who would either manufacture, compose, or criticise, in any one of its various ramifications. The first of these was that of the distinctive characteristics and appliances of each metal. The second, its form, as modified by all the mechanical processes of manufacture. The third, a thorough analytical and critical acquaintance with all the best models, in which reasonable and good principles of art can be traced, and through modifications of which pleasing associations of ideas may be commanded at the will of the designer. In accordance with his scheme, thus laid down, the author proceeded to deduce the correct theory of the manufacture of each metal from the properties with which it had been endowed by nature. He then described, at considerable length, the process by which almost all objects in metal must be produced, dwelling on those best harmonizing with the character of each substance, and the accredited conventionality of its use.

Thus he emphasised the refining, beating into sheets, wire-drawing, stamping, and torsion of gold; the beating in a plate, gilding, dead silvering, parcel gilding, soldering, &c. of silver; the hollow casting of bronze, by means of wax and of moulds, "*à boncreux*;" and the solid founding of iron in complex forms. Having disposed of the *structural* processes, the author rapidly analysed the decorative or superficial, enumerating and sketching out the leading peculiarities of engraving, matting, niello, cooking, burnishing, the six chief divisions of enamel, and three or four varieties of damascening, (*tauscia, lavoro all' agnuna*.) The mechanical limits of the art being thus pointed out, the impressions suggested by the history of past *chef-d'œuvres* were then cursorily examined. The extreme antiquity of metal work and its details among the Jews, Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans, were demonstrated from descriptions furnished by various authors, and by monuments of wonderful merit still existing. The speaker then passed quickly over the mediæval portion of the subject, and concluded by calling attention to the beautiful examples by which he was surrounded, and urging a systematic recognition of first principles and practical details, to be superadded to the study of beauty and fine art in the abstract.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

NINEVEH.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAMS, of the Royal Artillery, at present her Majesty's commissioner for the settling the boundary question between the Porte and Persia, has pitched his camp upon the mound of Kouyunjuk, and is occupying his leisure in copying with his own hand, and by those of the members of his suite, the marbles contained in the passages excavated by Dr. Layard, which that distinguished traveller had not time to copy before leaving that interesting spot. It must be, however, mentioned that Colonel Williams is not taking these steps with any view of robbing Dr. Layard of any part of his well-earned fame, but with the view of rescuing from oblivion such of those works as are damaged, and might, on the commencement of the winter rains, be for ever lost to posterity; declaring himself, at the same time, to be the mere agent of his intimate and esteemed friend, Dr. Layard. We may therefore hope, by means of these praiseworthy exertions, to receive another instalment of the valuable drawings lately published by Dr. Layard much sooner than would otherwise have been the case.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

May 12th.—The twenty-sixth anniversary meeting of this Society was held to-day, and was numerously attended, the Earl of Ellesmere, President, in the chair. The annual report of the council commenced with a statement of the losses which the Society had sustained from deaths among its members since the last anniversary; and gave succinct biographical notices of some of the most distinguished. Of these, the Earl of Auckland, the late President of the Society, held the first place, and his services were gratefully and feelingly acknowledged. The zealous and active support which the late Sir Alexander Johnston, Vice-President of the Society, and Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, had given to the Society for a long series of years, was gratefully commemorated. By the decease of Mr. James Alexander, the Treasurer, the Society had lost one of its most munificent supporters. J. R. Stewart, Esq., known for his numismatic researches, and M. Ferrao de Castelbranco, a patron of Oriental research, were also mentioned; and it was to be deplored that the losses sustained during the past year had been heavier than for some years previous. The report next noticed the donation by Sir George Staunton, of a cast of the Nineveh Obelisk brought home by Mr. Layard; and gave a brief account of the progress made in the Babylonian and Assyrian investigations, expressing a confident hope that the labours of Major Rawlinson would, in the course of the year, enable us to read

these relics of the earliest times. A continuation of the learned Major's vocabulary of the Persepolitan language, and the promised memoir on the so-called Median Cuneiform inscriptions, were anxiously expected. Some valuable donations to the Library from J. Romer, Esq., Sir Claude Wade, and Baron Hügel, consisting principally of Oriental MSS., were noticed. The report then referred to an edition of a code of laws in the Pali language, which was preparing for the press by Dr. Rost, under the auspices, and at the expense of the President of the Society, and gave a short account of the work and its contents. The report of the Oriental Translation Fund noticed the publication of "The Apostolic Constitutions, or Canons of the Apostles," in Coptic, with a translation into English, by Dr. Tattam, and stated that an offer had been accepted from the Rev. W. Cureton, of a translation of a work to be entitled, "Analecta Biographica Syriacæ;" or lives of eminent bishops and others, illustrative of the history of the Church in the East during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. The fifth volume of "Haji Khalifa Lexicon Encyclopædium et Bibliographicum," by Professor Flügel, was advancing, and the publication of it might be expected in the course of the year. The report of the Oriental Texts Fund stated that more had been done during the last year in completing works already begun than in bringing out new ones. The new undertakings were chiefly in Persian. Mr. Morley was engaged on an edition of Baihiki's rare and valuable history of Sultan Mas'ud of Ghazni. Professor Falconer was proceeding with his editions of the poems composing the Khamsah of Jami, as also with the Nigariastan, or 'Picture Gallery' of Juwaini. An edition of a rare Persian work, the "Makamet-i-Hamidi," was proposed by Mr. Bland; and the same gentleman had also undertaken the Diwan of the Turkish poet Baki, thus making a beginning towards removing the reproach upon English scholars of having neglected the polished language of Turkey. The accounts of the Society were submitted; and the usual votes of thanks to the officers and council were passed and acknowledged. The learned director, Professor Wilson, in replying to thanks voted to him, gave a short account of the progress made in the advancement of Oriental literature during the last year. At the close of the meeting a ballot was held for the officers of council for the ensuing year, when the officers were all declared re-elected, and the following gentlemen were chosen into the council, in the place of those retiring by rotation:—S. Ball, Esq., N. Bland, Esq., Major-General Briggs, J. Fergusson, Esq., J. M. Macleod, Esq., Major J. A. Moore, Sir William Morison, and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday—Geographical, (Anniversary,) 1 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.
Wednesday—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8 p.m.—Royal Botanic, (Promenade,) 34 p.m.—Archæological Association, (Council Meeting,) 84 p.m.
Friday—Royal Institution, (Professor Faraday on Envelope Machinery,) 84 p.m.—Botanical, 8 p.m.
Saturday—Asiatic, 2 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 48, "Portrait," W. Bozell; 126, "Wm. Cubitt, Esq., F.R.S.," the same. We can speak to the last being an excellent likeness of the very popular ex-sheriff, and Member for Andover. The style is simple, and the head well painted, so as to express the intelligence and benevolence of the original. Mr. Bozell is fortunate in his subject, and his congenial treatment of it.

Nos. 71, "J. Bright, M.P.," is not a silk purse, though a good firm portrait, by J. P. Knight, R.A.; 136, "R. W. Jupp," painted for the Carpenters' Company, as a testimonial for faithful services beyond half a century, is one of those tributes which ever have a tribute of praise from the *Literary Gazette*; and 197, "Ralph Price, Esq.," is another such, painted by order of the Governors of Bridewell and Bethlehem

Hospitals, to which this most worthy and highly esteemed citizen was so long the valuable treasurer. It is a capital and well-painted likeness. 225, 319, and 537, are equally laudable, but require no particularization.

No. 73, "Portrait of Prince Albert," *F. R. Say*, for presentation to the University of Cambridge, is a prominent whole-length, in the centre of the great room, but cannot be ranked as a work of art anything near so high as its subject. 86, "Sir J. Cockburn," is superior, and 329, "Lord Emlin," and 435, "A Young Boy," worthy of the artist's status.

No. 90, "Mr. John Walton," *Mrs. W. Carpenter*; 376, "Children;" 568, and 993, other portraits, in which the accomplished artist fully sustains the fame of our female school. They are all faithful performances; and the two we have indicated, to be much approved for feminine grace in the one, and youthful nature and simplicity (as well as composition) in the other. *Mrs. Carpenter* is indeed always happy in her treatment of children.

No. 103, "Master R. Vyner," *J. Lucas*; 492, "Younger Sons of Lord Burlington;" 495, "The Late John Barrow." The last is executed with a vigorous pencil, and is a striking portraiture of a man whose likeness has well merited to be so faithfully preserved. The more juvenile pieces display all the talent of the artist, and more need not be said of them.

No. 107, "Life's Illusions," *G. F. Watts*, is an artistic play, with some brilliant tints, and a dreamlike showiness in the general effect. The bubble of war catches the eye immediately, whilst the more important parts fail to attract notice. Still we consider there are powers in this picture which may blend in future works to greater consistency, as well as harmony, and do honour to the rising painter, who has aimed at least at a high poetic and moral achievement. 900 is a praiseworthy design for a fresco, from Isaiah.

Nos. 130, "A Dutch Calm;" 153, "Italian;" and 436, "A Fern Cave, Cornwall," *G. W. Cooke*, are three varied and good examples of the artist, the first being most to our taste, and reminding us of Callcott for transparency and repose.

No. 150, "W. Ballantine, Esq.," *J. Hollins, A.* From no fewer than seven clever and well-toned portraits of ladies and gentlemen, (including "The Gleaner," 249 and 513, from Shakspeare, a sweet thing,) we may take the first as a sample of the artist's skill. There is an attention to consistency and costume in them all, out of which results the most satisfactory effects on the mind and eye. You seem to feel that they are good resemblances, and you know that they are pleasing pictures.

No. 166, "Mrs. Claypole, on her death-bed, admonishing her father, Cromwell, to repent of his sins," *C. Lucy*, is a solemn and affecting performance, the pathos of which is spoilt by no exaggeration. The dying woman is earnest but calm, and the impression she has made on the stern soul of her parent is manifested by precisely that degree of feeling which we should expect from such a nature under such circumstances. As a historical episode, the whole reflects great honour on the artist. 434, "Evangeline in the Church," from Longfellow's poem, also displays rising talent in the cultivation of high art.

Nos. 169, "Sun and Shadow;" 174, "The Stream at Rest;" 357, "The awakened Conscience;" and 392, "The Solitary Pool," *R. Redgrave*, *A. Mr. Redgrave* seeks his themes among the poets, Coleridge, Thomson, &c., and treats them with congenial feeling. His material outlines are natural, and there is mind in their combination, often, where the occasion offers, improved by expression.

No. 285, "The Temple of Female Fortune," *W. Linton*. No one excels Mr. Linton in these grand Italian subjects. His buildings are always finely adapted to impart character to the landscape; and here the Temple is nobly imposing, and the water, atmosphere, and scenery all "up to the mark," which is of a very high order. 518, "Near Velletri," is only inferior in subject, not in treatment.

No. 303, "Benjamin West's first effort in Art," *E. M. Ward*,* is a painter's anecdote, and done with a painter's feeling; 318, "Daniel Defoe and the MS. of Crusoe," tells more home, and is more marked by character. Either would make a capital engraving for the biography of West, (Galt's,) or a new edition of the immortal Robinson, whose author could not find a purchaser among the whole publishing trade of his day.

No. 327, "The Death of Gelert," *R. Ansdell*, is a bold expression of the famous Welsh story; but for a higher display of power over the representation of the animal world, is 538, "The Wolf-slayer," a masterly delineation of a fearful encounter, not unworthy of Snyders, nor shrinking from the most exigent demand for anatomy and forms, thrown together into the fiercest action. It is a noble work of its class.

No. 372, "The Destruction of Idolatry in England," *G. Patten, A.* Coifi, the converted high priest of the Saxon king, Edwin, mounted on the king's warhorse, is rushing to the profanation and overthrow of the heathen idol-temple. It is on a grand scale, but somewhat confused and deficient in perspective. Such subjects are trying in modern hands, for it needs the quieting influence of time to reduce the glare which accompanies their fresh painting, and sober them to the sight of the spectator. In his effort Mr. Patten has shown great energy, and his work will be far better a hundred years hence than it is now at Exhibition pitch.

Nos. 383, 4, 5, in three compartments, "Scenes from the Tempest," *P. F. Poole, A.*, are very meritorious and pleasant, without developing qualities of the highest order. It is indeed difficult to get free from preconceived ideas and conventionalities in such subjects, particularly when they are extended beyond one incident. The handling throughout is facile, and the characters well made out. 514, "Blackberry Gatherers," by the same, we should like much to adorn our walls; it is very agreeable in subject and skilfully touched.

Nos. 404, 443, "Sandpits," and "The Return of Ulysses," *J. Linnel*. The "Sandpits" please us extremely, by the truth and harmony of the colour, and the general simplicity of treatment. The "Return," &c., is more ambitious, and though not unsuccessful, has little or nothing of originality to recommend it as a classic subject.

Nos. 414, 418, Two splendid fruit pieces, *G. Lance*. For freshness of nature and richness of colour, and elegance and beauty of accessories, not to be surpassed.

Nos. 420, 481, "North Welsh Landscapes," *T. Danby*, are very natural and spirited; and the daylight effect on the other lake, especially, an admirable management of a difficult atmospheric phenomenon.

No. 445, "Romance," *E. V. Ripplingille*. With very much to praise, we do not think the artist so fortunate as usual in his treatment of the "ideal."

No. 447, "An Anecdote in the Biography of Thomas à Beckett, from Thierry's History," *E. Armistage*. We are afraid that the artist has fallen into the worst defect of his style in this production, for extravagance predominates, and is not merely a less prominent feature, overbalanced by merits.

Nos. 468, "Lord Dufferin," *J. R. Swinton*; 555, "The Hon. Mrs. Charles Cust;" 602, and 714, two of the most beautiful ornaments of our Queen's Court, "Lady Clementina Villiers" and "Lady Jocelyn," are all evidence of the taste and executive powers of Mr. Swinton, equal both to the solid and the graceful, as manly form or female charms call for their exercise.

No. 472, "Hamstead Heath," *G. Stanfield*, a charming little home piece, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

No. 531, "Morning on Zurich Lake, with Pilgrims Embarking," *F. Danby, A.* A great poetical effect, produced by consummate art, with the rare merit of that art being concealed. The morning rise is resplendent, and the whole scene in keeping with the idea, and the picturesque beauties of Switzerland. The opposition of the strongest light to the deepest darkness is superb, and the chiaro-scuro admirable.

* The same passage has been fairly rendered by C. Compton, No. 344.

No. 566, "Arthur and Egle in the Happy Valley," *J. Martin*, like all the artist's productions, is very striking, and out of the common track. The mountain heights closing in the deep valley, embedded as it were in a dark blue heaven, which would exclude all cares of earth, are replete with the poet's sentiment.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

W. Turner is a large contributor of sweet native and natural scenery. 80, 150, "In Ross-shire;" 107, 151, "In Northumberland;" 133, "Ulleswater;" 155, "Near Chichester;" 176, "Ilfley Mill, near Oxford;" 193, "Glencoe, Argyllshire," (the last a noble wild heath scene,) show the extent of his tourist studies, and the versatility of his talents. Oxford has reason to be proud of such an artist, out of London and its environs.

No. 68, "Jar of Flowers," *Maria Harrison*, blooming and fragrant; also 186, a nice "Basket of Roses," &c.; 203, superb "Hollyhocks;" 217, "Flowers and Fruits," like enamel; and 302, "Fruit," *F. Bartholomew*, all delightful, even by the trying side of Hunt's perfect finish.

No. 88, "Farewell of Calypso," *S. Palmer*; 100, "Sir Guyon tempted," and is glaring and yellow, though not deficient in composition; 169, "Sun and Shade," also verges on extravagance in colour.

No. 120, "Buchal Etive, Argyllshire," *W. A. Nesfield*, fulfils all the first promise of the artist, which we cannot forget. It is a large and admirable combination of all the noble features of Highland landscape, and one of the chief ornaments of the year. We wish we had more from the same hand; but truly great works are not to be hastily dispatched.

No. 148, "The Fisherman's Home," by *F. W. Topham*, does honour to the painter, and to Lover's touching song of "The Angel's Whisper," which it embodies with much feeling and touching effect.

No. 161, "Landscape and Ruins," *T. O. Finch*, and 243, "Tranquillity," are two very pretty landscapes.

No. 167, "Lowestoff Roads," *E. Duncan*, one of his masterly delineations of shipping, with a gale at sea. The scud of the vessels and the storminess of the wind and water are given in every touch. 212, "Mussel Gatherers," is not unworthy of him.

No. 182, "Chapel of San Juan, Toledo," a very fine piece of cathedral and picturesque architecture, by *Lake Price*.

No. 191, "Autumn," *George Rosenberg*. 201, "Winter." 214, "Summer." 235, "Dead Peacock." 300, "Study of Fruit," and others, in which there is a display of great talent in the highest scale of colouring, and in the softer subjects, of much taste and mind.

No. 232, "Touchstone," &c., *J. Stephanoff*, a well conceived scene from *As You Like It*, and painted in the artist's usual manner.

No. 318, "The Capuchin Father," *H. Richter*, complete in character, and rich in colour.

No. 324, "Suffolk and Chaucer Monuments in Ewelme church," *F. Mackenzie*, interesting subjects, treated with all the artist's acknowledged skill.

No. 306, "Prayer," *Eliza Sharpe*, a gentle, pathetic, and devout breathing.

We hope we have omitted nothing of consequence from this truly English Exhibition, though we have left the merits of some of its beauties untold in enumerating the works of the various artists. We rejoice to see that a great many are sold.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF AMATEURS.

NEARLY two hundred works are here collected, most of them water-colour drawings, and a large proportion by ladies of title. Many of them exhibit great proficiency in the art. We have the pleasure to notice especially:—

Nos. 6 and 14, by Miss Blake, large water-colour drawings, finely finished, and with beautiful clearness and brilliancy. 140, "Rest for the Weary," is another very pleasant drawing by the same lady.

Lady H. Cadogan's clever little sketch, in oil, of

"St. Peter's Illuminated," shows great talent. A similar little sketch, "The Messa di Campagna," by Lady C. Cadogan, and "The Blessing in the Place of St. Peter's," by Lady H. Cadogan, also display remarkable talent.

The six illustrations of Mrs. Hemans' "Greek Bride," by Miss M. E. Sneyd, in outline, are very clever. 33, "An Interior," and 66, "Sketches from Nature," from the same hand, are also good.

The Marchioness of Waterford, foremost in the ranks of beauty, takes also the high standing in art, of her four works. 50, "The Return of Tobias," although showing want of practice, is, at the same time, full of fine feeling, and the colour is rich and beautiful: it reminds us of A. Caracci.

The Lady C. G. Legge is particularly happy in the nice bits of nature which she selects for her pencil, and executes with such truth and freedom. 85, "The Orchard," 41, "In Bagshot Park," are very charming. Lady M. Legge and Lady A. Legge also exhibit some very pleasing drawings.

Miss Wedderburne's study of animals is famous, done with great power and facility of execution—important requisites for an animal painter.

The Viscountess Canning's "View in the Campagna, Rome," is a very beautiful drawing, clear and rich in colour, a credit to a professor. 92, "A Vineyard, South of Rome," is another excellent work.

"Rome, from No. 9, Trinita de Monti," is a charming drawing by the Lady Harriet Clive, who exhibits several others.

Of works contributed by gentlemen, that by the Earl Compton, "The Crown of Thorns," is very beautiful; the heads have a fine character, the drawing of the figures correct, and the general colouring is forcible and rich: it argues well, though a small work only, for the reputation of this accomplished gentleman.

Several very charming little compositions by the Hon. Thos. Liddell are exceedingly pleasing, and as compositions almost faultless: of these, 144 is very charming. "The Restoration of the Forum, Rome," by the same, is a work of great merit.

T. J. Selwyn, Esq., has sent some excellent drawings, of which we noticed 45, "Como," 51, "Church of Santa Prassede, Rome."

No. 72, "A Drummer Boy," by R. Twopenny, Esq., is very cleverly painted, and very true to the subject. The Hon. Eliot Yorke; Hon. C. Hardinge; Hon. Dan. Finch; Col. Cornwall; Robert Clive, Esq.; the late Sir Robert Frankland Russell; Viscount Eastnor; George Vivian, Esq., have all assisted. The proceeds are to be given to a Charity School.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday, May 24th, 1849.

M. LIBRI has just published a letter to M. de Falloux, Minister of Public Instruction, on the charge against him of having pilfered valuable books and manuscripts, from some of the principal public libraries of this country. This new publication will, no doubt, strengthen the convictions of those who have proclaimed their belief in M. Libri's innocence; and perhaps many who, inclined to think that such a man could not possibly be guilty of such an abominable crime, will, on reading the opinions in his favour, of what M. Libri calls "Les hommes les plus compétens et les plus considérables de l'Europe," join in an emphatic verdict of "Not Guilty." But on the other hand I am bound to confess that, so far as my knowledge goes, M. Libri's pamphlet has made no converts in this city, among those who had condemned him, either from a perusal of the famous report alleged to have been found in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or because they recoiled from the idea of believing, as M. Libri insists, that a man of European reputation like Arago could have concocted, or been a party to the concoction, of an infamous scheme to blast the character of a scientific rival. The matter then, you see, so far as Paris is concerned, remains

precisely where it was: to some M. Libri is still white as snow, to others black as ebony. For myself, I express no judgment one way or the other; but, in common with all impartial persons, I think it is deeply to be deplored that the thing is not cleared up, by a searching investigation, before a judicial tribunal, or before a committee of honourable men, chosen by the accusers and the accused. The parties concerned must feel that, in justice to their own characters, such an investigation ought to be made; and they must feel also that the impartial public—whose opinion can alone have weight in their estimation—will not consent on any less authority than that suggested, to condemn one renowned *savant* as a villain and a calumniator, or another as a thief.

In connexion with this most painful subject, it may be mentioned that M. Terrien, *rédauteur* of the scientific department of the *National*, has published a rather fierce article on M. Libri's last pamphlet, in which he turns into ridicule the idea that M. Libri could have had, as he pretends, any political vengeance to fear from the people after the Revolution of February; and M. Terrien solemnly denies that in the letter he wrote to M. Libri, announcing the discovery against him, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he employed any language calculated to cause M. Libri to believe that he could only find safety in immediate flight: his letter, he asserts, merely said, "Spare the new society reactions which are repugnant to it—come no more to the Institut;" and he declares that after reading it M. Libri immediately left the Institut, and subsequently passed close to him without demanding any explanations, and in a state of great discouragement.

Another long and beggarly list of political and social publications is all that the last number of the *Bibliographie* again presents to the trade and the public, as the result of a whole week's enterprise in what was once the great centre of European literature. It will, I apprehend, cause deep mortification to the future Macaulay of France to have to announce, that in the week ending 19th of May, of the year of grace 1849, the following were among the most notable of a batch of 185 new publications:—"An Appendix to the Discourse of Citizen Luro at a political Banquet;" "An Account of the Apparition of the great Napoleon to General Montholon;" "An Address to all the Citizens and Citizenesses of the French Democratic Republic on the Elections;" "A Letter from the Son of the King of Rome's Wet Nurse to the Electors of Ardennes;" "Electoral Campaign of Citizeness Jeanne Dersin" (the woman who started as a candidate for Paris); "The Gr-r-r-r-rand Pêche or Electoral Gudgeon;" "The lamentable History of the *chaise percée* of Citizen Ledru Rollin;" "Earnest solicitation to the Electors of the Oise to distrust White Wolves disguised in the skins of tri-coloured Sheep," (sheep, I imagine, not known to Buffon); "Mysteries, Treasons, Calumnies, and Crimes of the Electoral Committee of the Rue de Poitiers;" "The perfect Philanthropist, by the ex-King of Yvetot;" and the first number of a periodical called "The Amiable Ruffian."

Nor, I regret to add, is it possible to give a better account of art than of literature. Painters are either altogether idle, or are working without hope of finding purchasers; commissions, even to the most eminent artists, are no longer given; for portraits there is no demand. Engravings of a superior class are very rarely issued—for months, not one has fallen under my notice; and even the publication of lithographs, consisting of portraits of public personages, sketches of the events of the day, and so on, has become less active. As a set off to all this, however, there is a tolerably fair collection of new pieces of music, vocal and instrumental; but even among them are many which, from the names of the composers, appear to have been borrowed from London.

The journals and play-bills announce the presentation of a drama called *Les Puritains d'Ecosse*, at

the Theatre Historique, by "Walter Scott et Paul Féval." Walter Scott AND Paul Féval! The junction of two such names will appear rank blasphemy to your readers, especially as the French varlet has no other right to couple his miserable cognomen with that of the great magician, than he derives from the fact that he has had the cool impudence to compound the personages, incidents, language, ideas, and genius of one of the principal works of the master, into a stupidly miserable play. Really such things as this are an outrage on all decency, a positive insult to the illustrious dead. But unfortunately they are by no means rare in France. There is not a translator, however obscure, a literary pirate, however impudent, who does not think himself fairly entitled to stick his own stupid name, more prominently than that of the author, on the work he may translate or pilfer. Nay, it is not uncommon to see the name of the real author entirely suppressed, whilst that of the vampire who preys on him is prominently put forward. Thus there are some translations from Schiller, which are taken by the unread multitude for the original works of the French booby who did them from German; most of Walter Scott's romances are better known by the name of the translator than by his own; Ducis, in the belief of many persons, wrote *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*; Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby* and other works figure in the circulating libraries as the productions of a Madame Something Belloc.

Lamartine has not been re-elected to the National Assembly! The rejection of such a man is anything but creditable to the French. Apart from his great political eminence, he deserved to be elected on account of his literary renown alone. It is desirable that great writers, artists, *savants*, should have a place in the legislature, especially under the system of universal suffrage; for their fame sheds lustre on the Assembly, and their political capacity cannot be less than that of farmers and lawyers, tradesmen, bankers, and mere mechanical labourers, who are ordinarily the chosen of the free and independent constituencies.

Old Franconi has just died. He was, beyond dispute, one of the most accomplished equestrian performers that ever figured in the circus. For many, many years he enjoyed unbounded popularity in his profession not in France alone, but in several countries of Europe also; and until very recently he was one of the principal stars of the Hippodrome. Another death has also cast deep gloom over the theatrical circles, that of Madame Dorval, a very superior melodramatic actress. To these visitations may be added the approaching retirement—a sort of moral death—of Mlle. Georges, a tragic actress of great power, who has delighted the public for between thirty and forty years, and to whom some of Victor Hugo's dramas are greatly indebted for their success.

The Madrid journals contain accounts of a fight between an Andalusian bull and a Bengal tiger, got up as a public spectacle. To the great delight of the worthy Spaniards, the *toro* gained a triumphant victory. He advanced calmly up to the tiger, eyed him scornfully for a few seconds, and then dashed at him headforemost. The eastern animal not liking *toro's* reception, made a spring at his throat; but *toro* caught him on his horns and ripped open his head. The spectacle must have been a most extraordinary one, and it is on that account I mentioned it; though no doubt it does not exactly fall within the sphere of a "Journal of the belles-lettres, arts, sciences, &c." It is added that the spectators divided the carcass of the tiger among them as trophies! and that bets of 4000*l.* were pending on the result of the conflict!

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Professor I. G. C. Lehmann, of Hamburg.—It gives us great pleasure to copy from the *Nachrichten für Hamburg*, of the 10th inst., the following short account of the triumphant acquittal of the eminently distinguished professor of botany at Hamburg, Dr.

Lehmann, of divers charges brought against him of injustice, misappropriation, &c. We feel assured that all naturalists will heartily join us in congratulating that veteran botanist upon the occasion:—"It is now seven years ago and upwards since Dr. Lehmann demanded an inquiry into certain charges preferred against him in the brochures of the late Standing and elsewhere. As the affair caused a good deal of controversy in the public papers, the undersigned attorney to Dr. Lehmann engaged to place the whole before the public; but as most of the details have probably been forgotten by those who took an interest in them at the time, it seems needless to publish anything more than a mere *précis* of the result, the more so as this proves so perfectly in favour of Dr. Lehmann. On the 19th June, 1846, the Lower Court decided 'that the plaintiff should be nonsuited, the costs to be divided.' Against this award both parties appealed. Professor Lehmann's appeal has been completely successful; that of the plaintiff has been rejected. On the 4th of this month the Supreme Court of Judicature published the judgment passed by the Low Faculty of the University of Halle, to which the cause had been transferred in December last from another German university, where it is said to have remained nearly two years without being entered into at all, owing to the members of the Low-branch being reduced to two only. However, the judgment finally pronounced is as follows:—1, Not to confirm the decision of the Lower Court as to costs, but to order these to be borne entirely by the plaintiff; 2, To confirm the decision in other respects; and 3, The costs of this appeal and its contingent expenses to be paid by the plaintiff.—J. C. KNAUTH, Dr."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

History of its Origin and Formation.

This Society bestows its honorary medals and holds its anniversary dinner on Monday next, and we are brought to the question of its origin by statements in the newspapers, to the effect that Mr. Britton, in one case, and Sir John Barrow in another, were the originators and founders of the Royal Geographical Society. Now it is no depreciation of our old friend John Britton, to say that however largely he has contributed to illustrate the cathedral antiquities and topography of England (and no man has done a tythe so much), he has no claim to the above distinction; nor is it a wrong to the memory of Sir John Barrow to deny him the honour, though he took a very early and most efficient part in promoting the design, and has literary and scientific fame enough to render any unwon addition a surplussage.

As the history of a national institution of this kind is always interesting, we shall take this opportunity to record and refer to the steps which led to its establishment.

The very first suggestion on the subject was given in a notice inserted in the *Literary Gazette* of the 24th of May, 1828, No. 592. The letter to which it alluded was written by Mr. J. H. Huttman, and his proposition was to form a "*Geographical and Topographical Society*;" and the remarks upon this were written by the same hand which writes this 20 years' reminiscence (to a day!) and distinctly and minutely spoke of the communication received.* No further notice occurred till the 20th of the following September (*Literary Gazette*, No. 609), when there appeared a letter from the late Mr. William Huttman, who was

* With regard to the hint that a Geographical Society would be an excellent institution in England, we perfectly agree with our correspondent. It is a great desideratum among our literary and scientific associations. Our numerous travellers returning home would continually bring novelty and information; and the meetings could not fail to be of the most agreeable and instructive kind. We are persuaded that it only needs three or four active and influential persons to originate such a plan, in order to ensure its perfect success. A branch Topographical Society for the cultivation of the topography of the British Isles, would, in our opinion, be a valuable addition to, or rather component part of, any institution of this description. We trust to see this matter taken up by efficient hands.

at that time Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, enforcing the expediency of the measure with the sanction of his opinion. His letter is signed W. H., and headed by the Editor, "ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY PROPOSED." This publicity brought the topic forward, and it became the theme of much conversation in the Asiatic and other learned associations. Still the organization slumbered, and the next movement appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of May, 8th, 1830, calling attention to its "having received the Prospectus of a Plan for forming a London Geographical Society," and concluding with the observation that "the idea was originally thrown out and recommended in our columns more than twelve months ago."

If these points and dates do not demonstrate the origination and projection of the plan, with appeals towards its being carried into effect, we shall be glad to learn where any priority is to be traced. The first meeting was accordingly held on the 24th of the same May, 1830, at the Raleigh Travellers' Club, where the actual initiative was prepared, and in a fortnight or three weeks the constitution and announcement of the objects in view were matured. In the *Literary Gazette* of June 12, it was stated—"We are happy to see the suggestion first promulgated in the *Literary Gazette*, respecting the formation of a Geographical Society in London, at length so highly and powerfully adopted, as to leave no doubt either as to the formation of such an institution, or as to its efficiency."

The first meeting of the regularly organized Society was held at the rooms of the Horticultural Society, in Regent-street, on the 16th of July, 1830, and the first ordinary meeting, when the President, Lord Goderich, (now Ripon,) occupied the chair, took place in November of the same year, as reported in the *Literary Gazette* of the 13th of that month.

It will thus appear that the foregoing dates stand in the annexed order:—

- 1828. May 24. J. H. Huttman's letter noticed in our answers to correspondents.
- " Sept. 20. Letter signed J. H.
[Both with comments, stating the nature of the plan, and strongly recommending it.]
- 1830. May 8. Notice of the prospectus.
- " " 24. Meeting at the Raleigh Club, (where the Editor was present.)
- " June 12. Regularly formed.
- " July 16. First meeting in Regent-street.
- " Nov. 13. First ordinary meeting.

Upon these grounds we claim the credit of this Design to our correspondents, Messrs. Huttman, and some of the merit to the exertions of the *Literary Gazette*, in bringing the proposition before the public. It is a mistake in Sir J. Barrow's biographer to require more for him than a more zealous adoption of the measure and effective co-operation, from the spring of 1830; and we think it is an error in the *Builder* to call Mr. Britton the first secretary. If our recollection serves us, Captain Macnochie, R.N., and the Rev. G. C. Renouard, were the original secretaries. But be that as it may, no individual whomsoever can justly pretend to be the originator of this Society, except as above proven.

ELEMENTS OF USEFUL REPORTING.

[HAVING had the honour (due to our *Literary Gazette* age and antiquity) to open the barriers between the public and the proceedings of learned and scientific bodies,* we have made it a sort of study how best to convey the intelligence obtained in a useful manner, and how to avoid the semblance of furnishing information without, in reality, giving any. As our own rules are exemplified in our practice every week, we shall say nothing more about that branch of the subject; but as the contrary course is of an entertaining kind, we shall venture to offer a few specimens of its completeness, carefully obtained from its highest authorities, and not unwilling to brag of their proficiency.]

THE A.B.C. Society met on Friday the 14th, So-and-So, Esq., R.S., in the chair. The minutes of the last

* Until this was effected by the personal influence and connexions pertaining to the *Literary Gazette*, the younger race of readers may not be aware, that neither literature nor science allowed access to their meetings and proceedings, and that even of the Fine Arts the notices were meagre, few, and far between. To its efforts in the first instance, therefore, the public is indebted for that information which now prevails throughout the Press, and is of daily and hourly "commemum."—Ed. L. G.

meeting were read and agreed to, and the Society adjourned till next month.

Saturday, 15th May.—The Great Hist. Association assembled in considerable numbers, when a collection of objects from Sierra Leone, and another series from Singapore, were exhibited. Mr. Smith moved the thanks of the meeting for this interesting sight, which was carried unanimously; Mr. John Smith and Mr. Brown were elected members; and Messrs. Tomkins, Hopkins, and Dobkins, were proposed to be hung up.

May 21st.—The Strange Society, President in the chair, Mr. Zedene (after the routine business had been transacted) read a paper communicated to him from some locality not ascertained, but in Africa, and evidently holding intercourse with Timbuctoo. The author stated his belief, that there was no water-carriage for vessels above 1000 tons burden to that city. He, however, exhibited a piece of brass, on which were apparently inscribed or scratched certain characters that could not be made out. Several members expressed their opinion that they were of the utmost importance, and hoped that somebody might be found able to decipher them. The chairman concurred in this hope, and the meeting separated, having been highly gratified by this extraordinary communication.

Thursday.—The Oldonk Society met as usual, Mr. Johnson, V.P., in the chair. Lord Nudle showed a Roman knight's ring he had purchased from a Jew at Whitechapel, and Moses Axminose, Esq., M.C.C., remarked that from his acquaintance with antiquities of this description, brooches, bracelets, and even coins, he might venture to undertake to procure a considerable number of equal rarity and value for any of his brother members who were desirous to possess similar archaeological articles of vertu, which were, indeed, well worth the attention of the Society. Dr. Feeble, D.C.L., F.R.S., and F.S.A., said he would be much obliged to the honourable member if he could get for him the nose-ring of a Roman knight or emperor, as he had never been able to see any, except such as belonged to the Indians or Africans whom they subjugated. Mr. Axminose said he would have no difficulty in gratifying the wish of the learned doctor. Adjourned.

Feb. 30th.—At the last meeting of the Nummernip Society, Professor Jinkings read a paper, accompanied by tables which covered a side of the large room, and of which it is out of our power to supply any idea, the whole tending to prove his system of the relation of species to the infinity of genera, and *vice versa*. His statistics were extremely complicated, and his calculations so intricate that it was impossible to follow them. Thanks were voted to him for his interesting communication.

27th. Monday.—The Lunaratic Society were occupied during the evening with a discussion on the probable results of applying algebra to equation and geometrical ratios to transatlantic measures. The further consideration of these momentous questions were postponed to the next meeting.

The Poetic Institute, November 5th.—The lecture this evening was delivered by Mr. Singer, who laboured to demonstrate the necessity of plot, the contrast of dark and light, concert, effulgence, expansion, suddenness, and unexpected catastrophe in the execution of all great poetical (and he might add on such a day, political) designs. Metre was of little consequence, and rhyme of less. He recited a poem of his own composition which entirely bore him out in all his propositions. On the motion of Mr. Chanter, the thanks of the company were voted to him by acclamation.

[Thus it may be seen how, like the voice of Juliet, the reports of the proceedings of the wise and learned may be rendered, speaking but saying nothing. Instead of no verbiage, all meaning; it is all verbiage and no meaning. Would it not be better to consider matters unworthy of notice, equally unworthy of being reported, and not occupying room which may be filled instructively with mere inanities. Our contemporary *Blackwood* pithily expresses our sense of the subject, when he declares himself in favour of condensed information, and says:—"It is distilled thought; it is abbreviated knowledge!"]

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Robert Vernon, to whom the nation is indebted for the splendid collection of pictures, now en-cased in Trafalgar Square, died on the 22nd, in his seventy-fifth year, at his house in Pall Mall, after a very long illness, during which he was almost daily attended by his friend Mr. Pettigrew, to whose acquaintance with his constitution and unceasing medical cares, it is not too much to attribute his having for years resisted the attacks of painful maladies and severe corporeal sufferings. We have often been astonished at the composure with which under these circumstances he gave his attention to such matters as the choice and purchase of works of art, and at the trouble he recently took in presenting his treasures to the country, and endured the mortifying neglect with which that munificent and patriotic gift was received.

Maria Edgeworth.—The Irish journals announce the death of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, after a few hours' illness, on Monday morning, the 21st, at Edgeworthstown, county Longford, in the eighty-third year of her age. Her "Castle Rackrent," and other tales, and literary productions of various kinds, need no eulogy now. They were nationally valuable at the time they were published, and displayed talents of a first-rate order. A host of delineators of Irish manners and characteristics have since filled a conspicuous arena in a similar class of writing, but no one has surpassed their gifted prototype, Maria Edgeworth, in acuteness of observation, playfulness of humour, excellent common sense in application, and that peculiar Hibernianism which so happily seasoned the whole, whether for sportive amusement or serious instruction.

Miss Elizabeth Snow.—The Derbyshire newspapers announce the death of this lady at Etwell, and add that "she will be long remembered, far and near, for her poetical effusions and enthusiastic admiration of Scotland's rustic bard,"—we presume, Robert Burns.

M. Nicolai, the director of the orchestra of the Royal Opera, Paris, died suddenly last week, in that city. He composed an opera on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and many musical performances.

M. Van Rysewyck, a popular Flemish poet, died about a fortnight ago, aged only thirty-eight.

MUSIC.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Persiani sang the part of *Amina* in the well-known *Son-nambula*, the second of her six parting performances, on Tuesday. No opera is so well-known, or more thoroughly a favourite with the English, than this simple little pastorate; the airs that fall to the part of the soprano have especially long been familiar to all, from the fashionable youth of high ton, down to the whistling street boy: and this is a fair test of their excellence. Of all the singers of the part, Persiani is remarkable for the florid treatment she gives to the music; if the listener is not touched by the expression of her acting in the "situations," he is carried away with delight and wonder at the marvellous faculties of the vocalist; he hears his favourite air sung with such sparkling ornaments and variations, that he is riveted with delight and astonishment. Then follows the rapturous *encore*, and the artful singer again dashes off in her flight of song, playing with all the difficulties of the art, changing and turning each note and passage of the music—displaying new beauties at every turn, with such grace, such elegance, and perfect ease, as to afford a peculiar pleasure, and the most artistic enjoyment. It is on account of the perfect grasp of the vocal art which she possesses and uses with such exquisite taste and skill, that Persiani is so ardently admired by all who are capable of appreciating musical genius; and she relies for success more upon the great and varied beauties of her singing, than upon her dramatic treatment of the part. The "Come per me," and "Sovra il sen," were sung in her happiest vein, and most enthusiastically applauded; and the *finale*, "Ah non giunge," was sung with as fine ex-

pression of joy, and as great exuberance of vocal beauties, as we ever had the pleasure to hear from this gifted singer. The curtain was raised for its repetition, which she gave with an entirely new and different set of variations, to the increased delight of the crowded audience. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the part of *Elvino*, and made his *début* on this Italian stage. If the great difficulties of the undertaking are to be considered, we may say that he acquitted himself in a very creditable manner; but if his performance be to be criticised as though it were that of an experienced Italian tenor, very little praise can be awarded to it. Mr. Reeves possesses a great boon of nature in his fine voice, though its tone, from some cause or other, approaches to flatness, and it is not what is called a sweet voice; if he were a great actor, this would be of little consequence, for then defects of the kind pass unnoticed. Besides this, he has several grave faults of style and method. His only mode of expression rests in singing piano or forte—the one frequently to an inaudible degree; the other, till it becomes literally "bawling." The result of this method is, that all cantabile is destroyed, passages are uttered in scraps, and with a sort of disjointed effect not at all in the Italian style; and, as was heard in the "Ah perche non posso," the voice becomes so exhausted as to render a break down hazardous. We make these remarks with the view of urging further study, and a more intimate acquaintance with the vocal art, lest Mr. Reeves, who really has great merit, should be deceived by the success of mere popularity. The opera was very beautifully performed, the choruses charmingly sung, and the entertainment all that the admirers of Persiani could have wished.

Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which created such a sensation last season, was given, for the first time, on Thursday. Grisi sang the part of *Valentina*, taken in the former cast by Viardot; Angri in *Urbano*, which fell to Alboni; Tagliafico was the *Count San Bris*, sung by Tamburini before; Marini the *Marcello*, as before; M. Massol was the *Conte di Nevers*; Madame Dorus Gras filled the place of Castellan in the part of *Margaret of Valois*, of which she was the first performer at the Academie Royale, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang the couplets in the part of the Huguenot soldier. The whole performance of the opera, so fine as it is in composition, and so dramatic in style, can only be called magnificent. Grisi has added another most successful rôle to her *répertoire* already so varied and brilliant; her singing was impassioned and beautiful; nothing could be finer than the charming *romanza*, sung in *mezzo voce*, "Ah l'ingrato d'offesa mortale," and her acting was truly grand. Angri acquitted herself with great *éclat* in the part made so striking by Alboni. She sang her principal song, "No, no, no," with excellent effect, and showed the most perfect command of the voice. Mario maintained the same striking singing of the part of *Raoul* as last season, and electrified the audience in the duel scene, with his notes rivalling the trumpet in their power and clearness. Marini, though indisposed, sang his "Piff paff" with great spirit. The addition of Mr. Reeves to the chorus of Huguenot soldiers was a happy thought, and gave it great effect. The grand chorus, the benediction of the Poniards, was given with all the precision and overwhelming power for which its performance here is so celebrated: it is a wonderful thing—it excites a complete *furor*, and has never been surpassed as a piece of chorus singing. The performance of the *Huguenots* at this house is one of the most imposing musical productions we ever listened to.

The German Opera, Drury Lane.—On Monday, Flotow's opera, *Stradella*, was performed by command of her Majesty, who, with the Prince, honoured the theatre by her presence: we need scarcely say with what enthusiastic feeling our beloved sovereign was greeted upon her entrance, after the wicked and mischievous outrage com-

mitted by the ignorant miscreant Hamilton; the scene was most gratifying to every loyal heart, and beyond the demonstration of national pride and glory, which we all feel in our lineal monarchy, displayed more than ever those deep feelings of loyal esteem and affection which the noble confidence and regard, always shown towards her people, will never cease to inspire. Of the performance of *Stradella* here, we have little to compliment the Germans upon; neither is the music worthy of the German school: it partakes of the characteristics of the Italian, the French, and the English styles; and while formed with a view to please every taste, it lacks originality and decision, and satisfies none: it has been heard in English, as many will remember, but never to become known and admired. It is customary to consider an even performance as better than one in which one great star outshines those of lesser magnitude. This company can certainly claim the merit of evenness, but it is the level of mediocrity so far as the soloists are concerned. At the outset we were led to expect the constant performances of Pischek, who really is a great singer, but this star, after one appearance, has vanished from the sphere. Hitherto the performances, with the exception of those of the band and chorus, which are a credit to them, have only served to excite painful recollections of the singing of the same operas by Heinfetter, Schroeder Devrient, Lützer, Staudigl, and Breitung, some years ago.

The *Fidelio*, performed on Saturday night, suffered from the want of an efficient singer of the part rendered so famous by the gifted Malibran, though in the choruses and the general performance of the band there was not much to complain of.

The *Opera Comique* continues to attract very fashionable audiences on the opera off-nights; the *Pré au Clercs*, the *Domino Noir*, in which Zelger has been singing, and the new production by M. Xavier Boisselot, *Ne Touchez pas à la Reine*, have been the operas of the past week. Charton charms every one with her pretty song, "Pablo le Mal-tier," which, on the first night, was honoured with a double *encore*.

Mlle. Speyer's Matinée, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday week, was a very *recherché* affair, and exceedingly well attended: the music was of the classical style, varied by a little singing from the clever Misses Williams. Mlle. Speyer went through her very arduous task of no less than six long pieces with remarkable endurance, and her playing showed very great accomplishment. She was perfectly at home in the difficult trio in D Minor of Mendelssohn, which she did in company with Ernst and Piatti; and in the Kreutzer sonata, in A Minor, for violin and pianoforte (Beethoven), with Ernst. We could not relish the playing of this celebrated violinist; he was not so happy as usual in his solo, his intonation was not faultless. Piatti was delightful, whether in the trio abounding in the difficulties of Mendelssohn, or in his solo upon "Robert, toi que j'aime," his tone is perfectly sweet and pure in quality, and his playing always guided by exquisite feeling, as well as the most complete mastery of the instrument.

The Hungarian Vocalists.—These singers gave a morning concert at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday. They consist of ten—as far as we could guess from their singing, of three basses, three barytones, and four tenors. Since the time of the celebrated Tyrolese singers nothing so good as these has been heard; they sing with astonishing effect, from the most delicate echo to the loudness of many more ordinary chorus voices than they represent. The pieces they performed are a great improvement upon the common-places usually sung by such performers, being selected from C. Kreutzer, Weber, Storck, and Mendelssohn. A. M. Mattau performed some scenes from *Lucia* and *Robert le Diable*, on the "Mattauphone," which means musical glasses, exceedingly well, and proved an agreeable change to the voice music.

THE DRAMA.

Lyceum.—A pleasing two-act comic drama of French origin was produced with complete success at this theatre on Thursday evening, with the title of *A Wonderful Woman*. The incident on which the story turns is the marriage of a wealthy widow, of the merchant class, with a ruined nobleman, to the end that, by her acquired rank, she may obtain admission to the royal fêtes. Immediately upon the marriage, the nobleman finds that there is a clause in the contract which compels him to separate at once from his bride, whom he is not at all unwilling to propitiate. Disgusted at this, he takes up his abode with a shoemaker, to whom his person has been legally adjudged for debt, and who keeps a stall exactly opposite the entrance to one of the new-made Marchioness's villas. Here he annoys his wife in various ways, assisted by the son of Crispin, who is a jovial fellow and has taken a fancy to his debtor. As a crowning annoyance, the sign-board of the cobbler is removed, and the inscription altered to "Marquis de Frontignac, Cobbler." This produces an interview with the lady, and, of course, a reconciliation, on which, with an announcement of the Marquis's sudden restoration to fortune on his own part, and the marriage of the lady's niece with a young painter, the curtain falls. The acting of the piece in the hands of Madame Vestris, as *Hortense*, the ambitious lady, Charles Mathews, as the *Marquis*, and Frank Mathews, as the *Cobbler*, were admirable. The perfect getting up and manner of the latter gentleman, so true in themselves, and contrasting so pleasantly with the courtly manners of the other characters, contributed in no small degree to the success of the drama, which is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

Marylebone.—A version of Latour's tragedy of *Virginia* has been produced at this theatre, we presume for the purpose of giving Mrs. Mowatt an opportunity of appearing in the part of the heroine, made so famous by Rachel. The adapter, Mr. Oxenford, has made use of his extensive knowledge of the requirements of the English stage to render one of that most tedious of all classes of literary productions, a French classical play, acceptable to a mixed audience; by omitting many long harangues, giving to the little action there is in the original piece greater rapidity, and compressing the whole within the shortest limits allowable to a five-act play, he has succeeded in retaining every effective speech and situation, without doing what, had he more closely followed his author, he would undoubtedly have done—wearing his audience. It is needless to say that the adaptation is elegantly and forcibly written. Mrs. Mowatt's conception of *Virginia* is strictly that of the author's, which is not, as our readers are aware, the one familiar to us either in history or our own dramatic literature. Her graceful and spirited action and effective rendering of the various passages which require energy in their delivery, would have produced even greater effect upon the audience had they been relieved by a more quiet style of speaking in the less prominent parts of the dialogue. Mr. Davenport's *Virginus* was a performance that indicated considerable talent for the higher class of melodramatic characters. The scenery, dressings, and groupings of the characters were thoroughly classical.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MAY SONG.

Come, love, a-Maying!
The sunbeams are playing
O'er the young leaves of the white-blossom'd grove;
O! how exciting!
O! how delighting,
Sweetheart, with thee in the greenwood to rove!
Blithe birds are singing,
Hawthorn buds springing,
All around breathing of beauty and bliss;
But what sings for pleasure
A still sweeter measure?
Our hearts, dearest love, in a morning like this!
Light as a feather,
They're bright as the weather,
Brimful of sweets, like the spring of the year;
But that's not the reason!
Oh, 'tis not the season!
It is that they throb near each other, my dear!

ELEANOR DARTY.

A BLUE.

PRAY is your wife a Blue, sir?
By that you know I mean
One who can talk about all things,
Invisible or seen.
Who comprehends all languages,
Norwegian, Syriac, Greek;
And every Eastern dialect
With fluency can speak.
Who with Algebraic symbols
And logarithms is sated;
And thinks Macaulay trivial,
And Dickens over-rated.
Who gives your children books to read
On "Polypes" and on "Zoophytes;"
And on "skeleton Homologies"
Sets Master Owen quite to rights.
Who attaches a deep meaning
To every simple word,
And argues with you night and day,
To prove that all you do or say
Is equally absurd.
If this at all describes her,
And who can tell but you, sir?
Why, then your wife wants common sense,
Why, then your wife's a Blue, sir.

DIRGE.*

By Dr. Beattie.

WEEP for the dead in life's young morning
Chilled in the bud and snatched away!
While the star of hope, his path adorning,
Shone as the pledge of ripening day.
Lamented youth! in thee were centred
Hopes of a long and bright career;
But the vision fled, the spoiler enter'd,
And thy couch of fame was a lowly bier!
Weep for the dead! for hopes departed,
The father's pride and the mother's joy!
For youth, for genius, noble hearted—
The man foretold in the blooming boy.
Weep for the dead! to him 'twas given
To outstrip the tardy steps of Time;
For the early ripe, the loved of Heaven,
Are still called home before their prime.
Weep for the dead! but let not sorrow
On the faith of his fathers leave a stain!
Look up—look up to that glorious morrow
When the mother shall clasp her child again!

W. B.

THE HAPPY SEASON.

By T. J. Ouseley.

SUNNY days are coming;
Hark, the cuckoo's note
From afar doth float,
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Soft as distant flute,
Or a love-strung lute,
As the bees are humming,
Amid the gillyflowers,
Bright with bronze and gold,
Which around them fold;
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
In each flower's breast
Honey-suckers rest,
Riffling the rainbow bowers.
Crystal streams are singing;
Cheering sunbeams play
'Mid the silver spray,
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Blossoms, white and pink,
Balmey dew-drops drink;
Sweets around are springing,
Morning light comes beaming;
Soothing breathes the air,
Lulling every care—
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Bright birds twitter round,
On the emerald ground;
Nature's happy dreaming.
Green, the young wheat moving,
O'er the broad rich lands
Nature's wealth expands—
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
And the genial shower
Cools each herb and flower.
Heaven tears are so loving,
When on earth they're falling;
Fresh'ning all to life,
From the winter's strife—
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Happy season this,
Fraught with quick'ning bliss,
Youthful days recalling.

May 14, 1849.

* On the death of Forde, eldest son of R. R. Madden, a youth of the highest promise. He was accidentally drowned in the River Shannon, by the upsetting of a boat, in his nineteenth year.—See *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, vol. iii. p. 120.

VARIETIES.

The Sea Serpent.—Under the name of our old friend Pontoppidan's marvel, there is exhibited at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent-street, a long fish, to which the name of *Gymnetrus Northumbrius* has been given by the Tyneside naturalists. How this fish can be called a sea serpent we do not see, for it is not round in form, neither could it bend the body in every direction. Its mode of swimming must be by lateral movements, and it has the ordinary branchial apparatus of fishes. Along the back extends a sort of fin, which, at the head, becomes several parts, quite separated, and of red colour, like quill feathers. The head is small, and something like a John Dory, (*jean dorée*.) It was caught lying in a faint condition on its side on the water, and easily taken. Upon dissecting, it was discovered that it had swallowed some small pieces of coke, which lodged in a prolonged part of the stomach, and produced the illness of the creature, otherwise it is conjectured that it would not have been found at the surface of the water. Mr. Yarrell has sent some specimens of a small fish caught in the Mediterranean, which resemble it in form, and are coated with the beautiful silver scales, exactly as if silver gilt. The *Gymnetrus* had the same brilliant appearance when first taken, but the spangles were soon rubbed off, as it was carried about the villages for three days upon a plank, before the naturalists had the luck to see it, and rescue it for its present state of liquid preservation. It is, doubtless, a new kind of fish, but has little or no bearing upon the Sea Serpent question.

Magpies.—Wide-spread is the superstition that it is unlucky to see magpies under certain conditions, but these vary considerably in different localities. Thus, in some counties, two bring sorrow, in others, joy; while, in some places, we are instructed that one magpie is a signal of misfortune, which can, however, be obviated by pulling off your hat, and making a very polite bow to the knowing bird.] This operation I have more than once seen quite seriously performed. In Lancashire they say:—

One for anger,
Two for mirth,
Three for a wedding,
Four for a birth,
Five for rich,
Six for poor,
Seven for a witch,
I can tell you no more.

But in Tim Bobbin it is expressly said that two are indicative of ill fortune: "I saigh two rott'n pynots, hongum, that wur a sign o' bad fashin; for I heard my gronny say hoode os leef o seen two owd harries os two pynots." The same belief obtains in Scotland. In the North they thus address the bird:—

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall me.

The half-nest of the magpie is accounted for by a rural ornithological legend. Once on a time, when the world was very young, the magpie, by some accident or another, although she was quite as cunning as she is at present, was the only bird that was unable to build a nest. In this perplexity, she applied to the other members of the feathered race, who kindly undertook to instruct her. So, on a day appointed, they assembled for that purpose, and the materials having been collected, the blackbird said, "Place that stick there," suiting the action to the word, as she commenced the work. "Ah!" said the magpie, "I knew that afore." The other birds followed with their suggestions, but to every piece of advice, the magpie kept saying, "Ah! I knew that afore." At length when the birdal habitation was half-finished, the patience of the company was fairly exhausted by the pertinacious conceit of the pye, so they all left her with the united exclamation, "Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may c'en finish the nest yourself." Their resolution was obdurate and final, and to this day the magpie exhibits the effects of partial instruction by her miserably incomplete abode.—*Halliwel's Popular Rhymes*.

The Annual Conversazione of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held on Tuesday last, at the house of the Institution, equalled, if not surpassed, last year's meeting; and exhibited in a high degree the experienced judgment of the able Secretary, Mr. C. Manby, upon whom the "getting up" devolves, and to whose selection and distribution of the works of art and models, and general arrangements, refreshments, ventilation, &c., the enjoyment, comfort, and excellence of the entertainment are mainly due. Mr. Field in the honours of the evening was well supported also by the Vice-Presidents and Members of Council.

Royal Society Elections.—The strange, not to say absurd, rule adopted last year by the rulers of the Royal Society, that only fifteen new members should be elected within the year, comes into operation within less than a fortnight; and the Council have recommended fifteen deserving names for this distinction. And now comes the proof of the absurdity of this restriction. There are other candidates of fully equal pretensions, who must be disappointed if the "house list" is chosen; or if, on the other hand, a competition ensues, and some of these are ousted, there will be more vexatious feeling excited by this rejection. We cannot tell what magic there is in the number fifteen to implicate the Society in such a dilemma. Surely the rational course in all such Institutions is to elect where there is eligibility, and enlarge the sphere of usefulness by every accession of learning and talent without regard to a factitious and meaningless maximum.

Roman Treasures of Art.—M. Manzoni has written to Lord Brougham, declaring that none of these precious articles have been removed from Rome by the revolutionists.

Journalism.—It is stated that three hundred members of the new National Assembly of France, either are, or have been connected with, writers in the public journals. Mr. J. O'Connell would stand a bad chance of shutting out reporters there, if there be any *esprit du corps* in this Thermopolitan phalanx.

Mr. O'Connell's Library has been brought to the hammer of Mr. Jones, of D'Olier Street, Dublin; but created none of that interest which might have been expected in connexion with the name of the owner. *Den's Theologia*, 7 vols., sold for 12s.; a fine edition of the *Douay Bible*, in 5 vols., for 40s.; and so of the rest; the whole not averaging what they could be bought for in the old book shops.

A polite Railway Guard.—Some of these officials are accused of being very rude and unbearing. Not all. A civil exemplar came to the window of a first-class Brighton, at the Reigate station, and said, "If you please, sir, will you have the goodness to change your carriage here?" "Why?" gruffly answered the Mr. Bull within. "Because, sir, if you please, the wheel has been on fire, since half-way from the last station!" John looked out; the wheel was burning and smoking, and he lost no time in condescending to the polite request.

Mr. Macready at New York.—The return of Mr. Macready to New York, after his ovation at New Orleans, has been attended by one of the most brutal riots that ever disgraced a theatre or civilized community. The performance at the Astor Place Opera House was Macbeth, where the partizans of Mr. Forrest assembled in great force, and assailed the stage and Mr. Macready with rotten eggs, apples, a bottle of assafœtida, and other missiles, including even a heavy piece of wood and chairs. Every effort to stem this unmannerly and unmanly outrage was in vain, and in the middle of the tragedy (nothing of which had been heard) Mr. Macready left the Theatre in disgust. So far as the voice of the country can be gathered from the respectable journals and letters received in England, there is a general feeling of reprobation of this shameful and malignant exhibition.

Greenland Fisheries.—We regret (with our minds wandering farther northward) to see by accounts from Hull, that two Greenland vessels belonging to that port have been wrecked by a tremendous gale among heavy ice in lat. 47° 30' N. and long. 10° W. The cold was dreadfully severe, and the men suffered much.

Summer Curtains, Toilette Covers, &c.—It is in small daily matters that new inventions contribute as much to our comforts and luxuries, as greater concerns do to our national prosperity and power. Among the seasonal novelties of this description, we have been called to notice the fabric of which these curtains and similar articles are formed, by the ingenuity of Messrs. Arrowsmith. In pattern it resembles point lace, but is covered with a floss that adds to its richness, and may, as it were, be felt with colours in every variety. The gay effect, and at the same time the modification of light, which may thus be introduced, are great recommendations to the boudoir and drawing-room, where tasteful designs, especially with the novel materials, are always desiderata with our fair friends. We do not know what the manufacturing process is, but are assured that the fabric stands washing perfectly, and of course when in colours will need the inconvenient family process less frequently.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A biography of the late Sir Francis Chantrey is announced by his executor, Mr. George Jones, R.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adderley on Human Happiness, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Angas (G. F.) The Kafir, part 1, illustrated, folio, £1 11s. 6d.
 Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) First Classical Atlas, 8vo, 7s. 6d.
 Atlas of Prophecy, 4to, half bound, 18s.
 Balmer's (Rev. J.) Protestantism and Catholicity, 8vo, sewed, 9s.
 Barnes' (A.) New Testament, 10 vols, 12mo, cloth, £1 3s. 6d.
 Bonchurch: a Biographical Notice of Rev. W. Adams, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Broderip's (J. W.) Zoological Recreations, new edition, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Coke's (Hon. J.) Vienna in 1848, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Collection of Anthems by Eminent English Composers, 4to, cloth, 9s.
 Congregational Lectures, vol. 14; Stowell on the Work of the Spirit, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
 Coningsby, by B. Disraeli, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Cope's (Sir A.) Meditations on the Psalms, new edition post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Cotterill's (C. H.) Religious Movements in Germany in the 19th century, 2s. 6d.
 Dallas's (Rev. A.) Point of Hope in Ireland, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Jobert's Ideas; or Outlines of a New System of Philosophy, part 2, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Lillington's (Rev. E.) Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Lunn's (A. W.) Torrington Hall, 9d.
 Mac Cabe's (W. B.) Catholic History of England, vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 18s.
 McChesney's Memoirs, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Mardon (E. B.) On Billiards, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
 Martin's Treatise, second edition, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Mortimer's (Mrs.) English Mother, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Parish Choir, vol. 2, royal 8vo, cloth, 9s.
 Parke's Elements of Chemistry, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Pitzsch's System of Christian Doctrine, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Puchke's (Rev. J.) Ecclesiastical Sketches of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Scratchley on Benefit Building Societies, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
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 Strickland's Tales of Illustrious Children, new edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Temple's Domestic Altar, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Thomson's History of Scotland, 12mo, roan, 4s. 6d.
 Twin Sisters, new edition, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
 What may I learn; or Sketches of School-days by Cousin Kate, 18mo, 2s. 6d.
 Wilson's (T. Esq.) Memoirs, 8vo, cloth, 8s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
May 26 . . .	11 56 43.0	May 30 . . .	11 57 11.9
27 . . .	56 49.5	31 . . .	57 20.2
28 . . .	56 56.6	June 1 . . .	57 28.9
29 . . .	57 4.0		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Lute Book of Lord Herbert of Chirbury."—The late Sir Samuel Meyrick, a short time previous to his decease, publicly read an elaborate paper, on a sculptured mystical inscription on the rood-screen of a Welsh border church; and he therein alluded to the above curious MS. "book." In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1816, it is stated, that this book was then in the possession of a musician, at Shrewsbury, to whom it had been given by the then Earl of Powis. Strict inquiries have lately been made in different directions for the book, but without success; and it is feared it will not be forthcoming.

F. L. D. suggests, in remarking upon our suggestions respecting the prevention of poisoning, that no poison should be sold except in presence of a policeman; but we fear that this remedy could be very seldom applied.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.
 JOHN FRESKOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this SOCIETY is now OPEN at their Gallery, FIVE, FRANK, FALL MALL, near ST. JAMES'S PALACE, from Nine o'clock till Dark.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
 JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

THE EXHIBITION of the LIVERPOOL ACADEMY, 1849.
 The ACADEMY will OPEN early in SEPTEMBER NEXT. Works of Art intended for Exhibition will be received, subject to the regulation of the Academy's Circular, by Mr. Green, 14, Charles Street, Middlessex Hospital, until the 11th of August; and at the Academy's Rooms, Old Post Office Place, Liverpool, from the 16th till the 20th of August.
 JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNIVERSARY MEETING of this Society, for the Election of Officers, &c., will be held at the Society's Rooms, No. 3, WATERLOO PLACE, on MONDAY, the 28th inst., at ONE o'clock.
 During the Ballot, the Gold Medals awarded by the Council to AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D.C.L., and to Baron CHARLES HUGEL, will be presented by the President, who will deliver his Annual Address.
 The DINNER will take place at the NEW THATCHED HOUSE TAVERN, St. James's Street, at SEVEN o'clock PRECISELY.
 NORTON SHAW.

THE FINE ART SUBSCRIPTION GALLERY
 for the LOAN of WORKS of ART.—S. and J. FULLER respectfully invite the Patrons of Art to VIEW their SUBSCRIPTION GALLERY for the LOAN of WORKS of ART. Every department will contribute examples to the Collections, Landscape, Figures, Animals, Flowers, Fruit, Architecture, Ornaments and Decorative Designs, and the Original Works of the Principal Water-colour Painters. N.B. The Terms, which have been arranged to meet all classes, will be forwarded, post paid, to all parts of the kingdom.—54 and 55, Rathbone Place.
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 Artists' Proofs (100 printed), £10 10s.; Proofs before Letters, £20 2s.; Proofs, £40 4s.; Prints, £3 3s.—Subscribers' Names received by the Publishers, Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, Publishers to Her Majesty, 13 and 14, Pall Mall East.

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Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

PATRON.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, K.G.

Subscriptions and Donations announced at the Anniversary Dinner,
Wednesday, May 16, 1849—
(Lieut. Gen. the Lord Viscount HARDINGE, G.C.B., in the chair.)

Those marked (*) are Stewards.

Her Majesty the Queen, 11th don.	£105 0 0
The Chairman the Lord Viscount Hardinge, 2d do.	52 10 0
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*Gilbert A. A. Beckett, Esq.	10 10 0
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Rev. Philip Bliss, D.C.L., Oxford	10 0 0
*Henry George Bohn, Esq.	10 10 0
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His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.B., H.M. Minister to the United States, 2d don.	5 5 0
His Excellency Cavalier Busen, Prussian Minister, 8th ann.	5 0 0
Benj. Bond Copley, Esq. M.P., 18th don.	10 10 0
His Excellency Vice-Admiral Cecilie, French Ambassador, 5 0 0	
The Cholmondeley Trustees—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, as Trustees of the Cholmondeley Charities, 2d don.	50 0 0
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*Richard Ellison, Esq. Sudbrooke, 4th don.	5 0 0
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*Sir Chas. A. Elton, Bart.	5 5 0
The Hon. Mr. Justice Erle	10 10 0
*John Finlaison, Esq. Pres. I.A.S.	10 10 0
Alex. Glin, Esq. 4th don.	1 10 0
*John Forster, Esq. 4th don.	5 5 0
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J. W. Gilbart, Esq. F.R.S.	5 5 0
Benj. Gompertz, Esq. F.R.S. 3d don.	1 10 0
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*Thomas Hamilton, Esq.	10 10 0
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Donations and subscriptions in aid of the benevolent purposes of the Institution will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Treasurers, John Griffin, Esq., 21, Bedford Place; Sir Henry Ellis, British Museum; and William Tooke, Esq., 12, Russell Square; and at the Chambers of the Corporation, 73, Great Russell Street; by OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

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£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
5000	13 yrs. 10 mts.	683 6 8	787 10 0	6479 15 8
4000	12 years	500 0 0	787 10 0	6287 10 0
3000	10 years	300 0 0	787 10 0	6087 10 0
2000	8 years	100 0 0	787 10 0	5887 10 0
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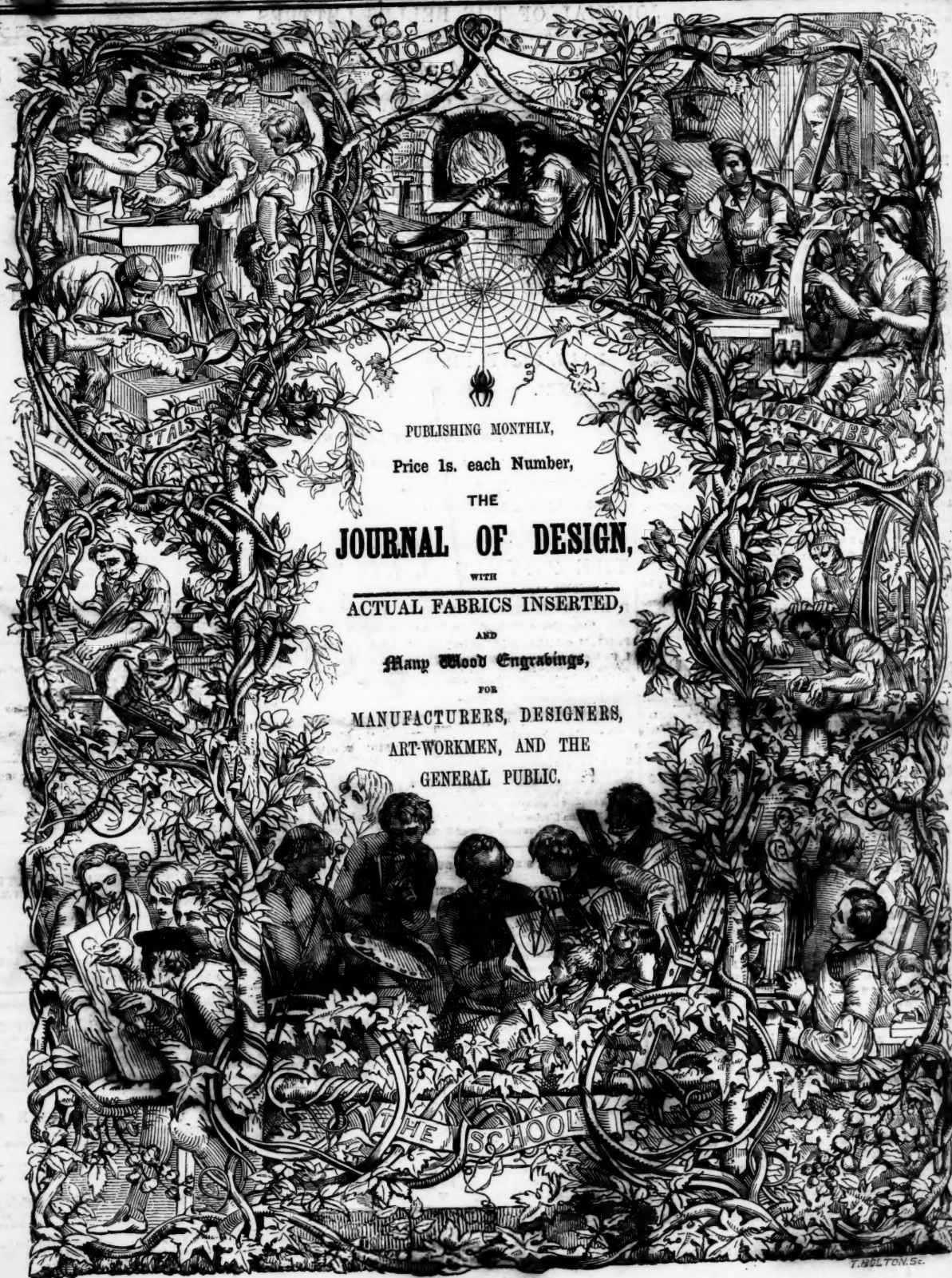
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